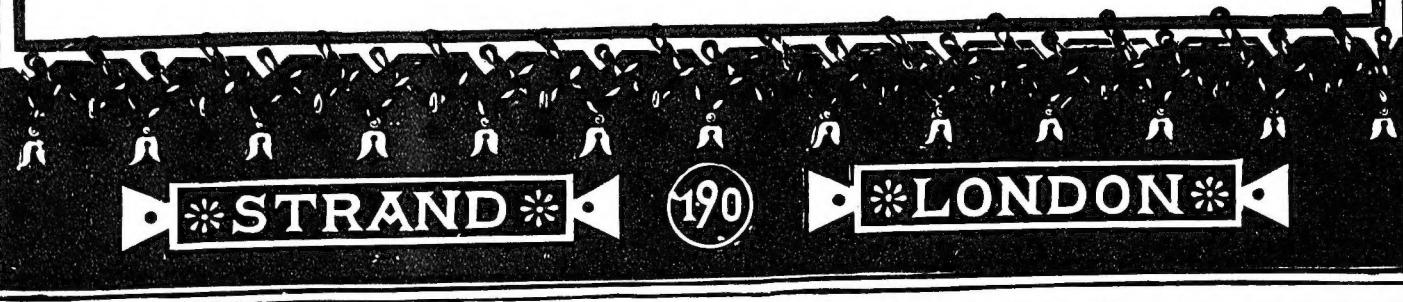


EDITION DE LUXE

No. 784.

DEC. 6, 1884

THE
GRAPHIC.
AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



PRICE NINEPENCE

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NO. 784.—VOL. XXX.] ÉDITION DE LUXE
Registered as a Newspaper

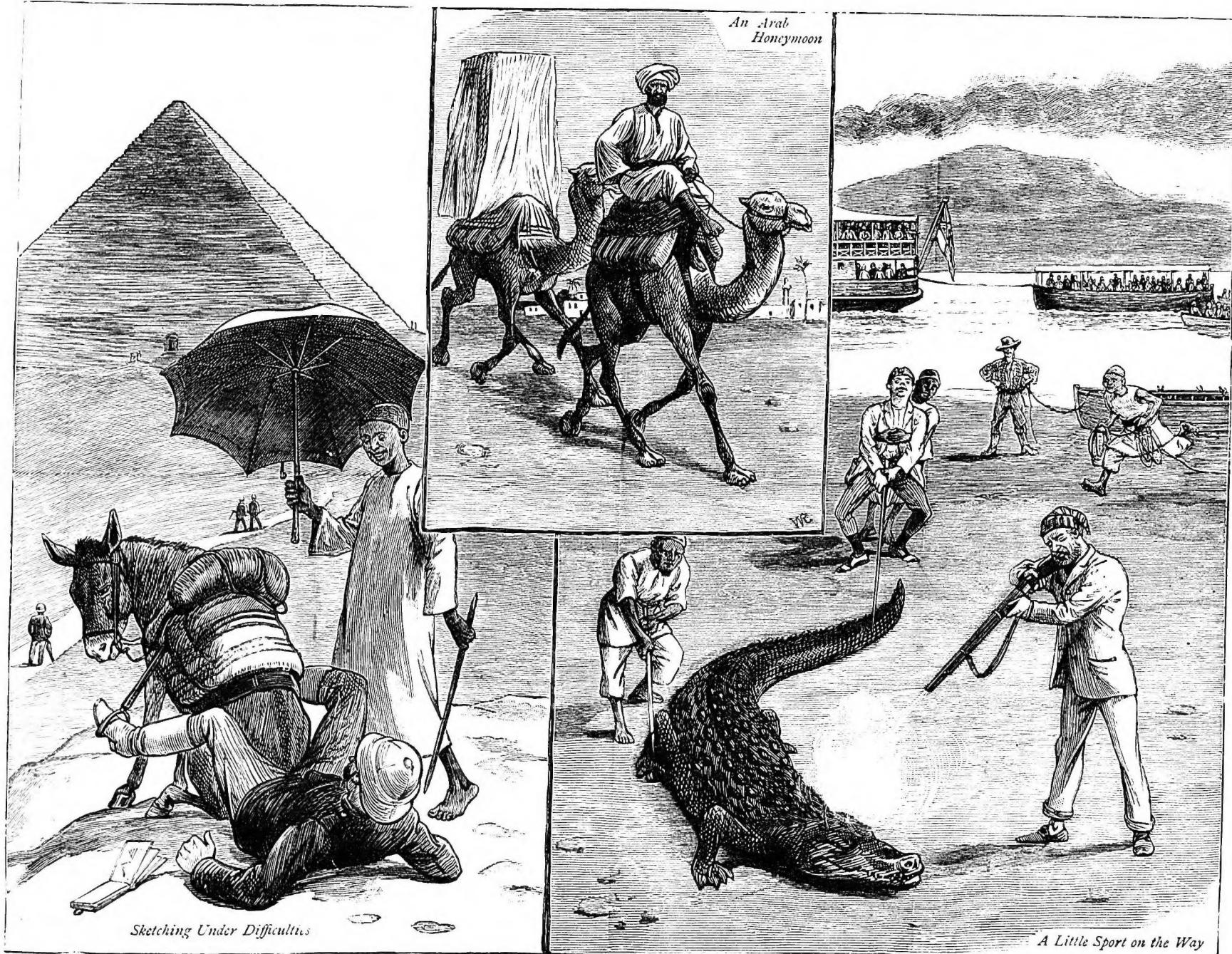
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1884

WITH EXTRA
SUPPLEMENT

PRICE NINEPENCE
By Post Ninepence Halfpenny



ONE OF THE FIRST PARADES



Sketching Under Difficulties

A Little Sport on the Way

THE NILE EXPEDITION FOR THE RELIEF OF GENERAL GORDON—WITH THE CAMEL CORPS

FROM SKETCHES BY AN OFFICER OF THE GRENADIER GUARDS

Topics of the Week

THE SEATS BILL.—On the whole, the Seats Bill has been well received, but it cannot be pretended that it gives perfect satisfaction to any political party. In the first place, no one likes the proposed addition to the number of members of the House of Commons. The House has already too many members, and it is generally felt that if strict justice were done, Scotland would obtain her increased representation at the cost of Ireland and Wales. Again, there will still be glaring electoral anomalies, for the representation of some great centres of population (such as Birkenhead) will continue to be the same as that of a good many towns with a population of about 15,000. Another objection is that while the counties and boroughs with more than 165,000 inhabitants are to be divided into districts, each returning one member, the system of two-member constituencies will be retained in those boroughs between 50,000 and 165,000 population which now possess two members. No good reason can be given for this distinction, and we may expect that in Committee a strenuous attempt will be made to efface it. After all, however, reasonable politicians recognise that in dealing with so complicated a subject it was simply impossible for the Government and the leaders of the Opposition to produce an ideal scheme; and the majority of Liberals appear to be of opinion that "the compromise" is better than any plan that could have been evolved by the Government alone. A few weeks ago it seemed very improbable that the right of separate representation would be taken from all boroughs with a population of less than 15,000; and it was understood that the grouping of boroughs would be regarded by the Conservatives as an essential part of the new system. The Bill is based on the principle that electoral districts ought to be as nearly as possible equal; and, this principle having been formally admitted, there can be no doubt that sooner or later it will be more rigorously applied. The present arrangement may last for a generation, and the Liberal party as a whole is disposed to admit that it could not have expected to obtain a more advantageous settlement.

THE NAVY.—In the debate on Tuesday some Radical members indignantly denounced the Government for proposing to spend rather more than four millions and a half in improving the condition of the Navy. And it must be admitted that the demand comes at a very inconvenient time, for there are no signs that we may expect a revival of trade and industry in the near future. Moreover, all the world agrees with Sir Wilfrid Lawson that even in prosperous times a proposal for disarmament would be very much more agreeable than a demand for increased naval power. Unfortunately, in this very imperfect world Governments are compelled to regulate their action in accordance with practical necessities; and there can be no doubt at all that the steps which are now about to be taken ought to have been taken long ago. It is admitted that we have still the best Navy in the world, but the French are not far behind us, and even Germany, Austria, and Italy, if by any chance they combined against England, would be formidable enemies. Yet a strong Navy is infinitely more important to us than to any of these Powers. Even France, if she were defeated at sea, might retain her prosperity; but to Great Britain defeat at sea would mean absolute ruin, since it would lead to the loss of India and the colonies, and the destruction of our foreign commerce. It seems hardly credible that any class of politicians, knowing this, and knowing the jealousy with which we are regarded by some of our neighbours, should be unwilling to make the sacrifices which can be proved to be necessary for our security. On this point—as on a good many others—extreme Radicals differ widely from the great majority of their countrymen, whose only regret in the matter is that the Government seem disposed to undertake their new task in rather too leisurely a spirit.

MURDERS IN FRANCE.—It is worth noting that, whilst all French Radicals clamour against capital punishment for murder, they have not the slightest scruple to see people punished with death for minor offences. M. Clovis Hugues killed a man in a duel for writing a few lines in a newspaper against civil marriages, and now his wife has been coolly pistolling a man because he wrote libels about her which nobody believed. But the truth is Madame Hugues did not really shoot this man for being a slanderer: she did it because she knew that she was pretty certain to go unpunished. French juries have taken to acquitting men and women who shed blood to "vindicate their honour," as they call it. Only on Friday—that is, on the day after Madame Hugues' outrage—a Parisian jury acquitted a man named Liénard, who had coldly butchered his wife for infidelity. The fellow would have been hanged in England; and there was, in fact, no excuse for him, since he could have obtained a divorce. But juries will not convict men who murder out of passion so long as M. Grévy continues to spare the lives of those worse caitiffs who murder to rob; and M. Grévy, on his side, is driven to spare many miscreants because foolish jurymen find extenuating circumstances for others who are quite as bad. Thus, there is confusion all

round; and people who are either hot-headed, or calmly vindictive, take the law into their own hands. For some years there has been a serious epidemic of violent crimes in France, and it will not be checked until a law deprives juries of the right to find extenuating circumstances, and commits that power to the judges—or, rather, leaves it to the discretion of the judges to determine whether recommendations to mercy should be accepted.

SINGLE-MEMBER CONSTITUENCIES.—The boldest part of the Seats Bill is that which provides that counties and boroughs with a population above 165,000 shall be divided into one-member constituencies. This proposal has already given occasion to a good deal of adverse criticism, and for some time it is likely to be one of the foremost subjects of political discussion. The objection to the scheme is that it may have the effect of lowering the character of the House of Commons. A candidate, it is said, who would not have the slightest chance of being elected by a great constituency may have no difficulty in securing the representation of his own ward, where he will have innumerable opportunities of making himself popular. There can be no doubt that there is some force in this objection; and it is all the more worthy of consideration because it has been advanced by Conservatives as well as by Liberals. On the other hand, the existing system, as experience has proved, renders it difficult, and in some cases impossible, for minorities in large constituencies to obtain the position to which they are entitled by their numbers and their intelligence. The new plan may enable them to make themselves heard, since opinions which are disliked in one part of a city or county may be the dominant opinions in another. This advantage would, of course, be dearly purchased if it were certain that local busybodies would often be successful; but it must be hoped that, as a rule, the new constituencies will prefer to be represented by men of some distinction, when they are appealed to by really good candidates. Whatever may be said of other classes, working men have hitherto manifested a strong disposition to favour politicians who are believed to have eminent ability. They invariably received Professor Fawcett with enthusiasm; and in the North they go in crowds to hear Mr. John Morley and Mr. Cowen.

TRINIDAD AND FIJI.—What with India and our numerous colonies the English people come more in contact with coloured races than any other nation in the world. In a Governmental capacity the English are conscientiously desirous to promote the well-being of these coloured races, but it is doubtful whether they are so successful in winning their affection as less scrupulous nations. The Caffre, it is declared, prefers the Boer as a master, who practically regards him as a slave, rather than an Englishman; and it is generally admitted that Spaniards, Portuguese, and even Frenchmen, socially, get on better with "niggers" than we do. Probably, this innate distaste for the coloured man is at the bottom of the recent tragedy in the island of Trinidad. That the coolie laws are sedulously protective as regards these immigrants, and that they are strictly enforced, is proved by the fact that in Trinidad there are 60,000 of these Hindoos, that they are far better fed and clothed than they were at home, and that they often return from their beloved Ganges for a second spell of "slavery." Recently the Government had prohibited the celebration of a certain festival, the coolies nevertheless flocked to it, and, on refusing to withdraw, were fired on by the police. Sixteen were killed, and twenty-eight seriously wounded. There can be no doubt that the coolies were unpopular. An attempt had recently been made to reduce their stipulated rate of wages. This had caused much discontent, and their numbers made them objects of apprehension to the colonists, so it was evidently resolved to read them a severe lesson. Supposing a similar slaughter had taken place at a prohibited Nationalist meeting, the whole country would have rung with the enormity; the reason being that the Irish have white skins. The difficulty in Fiji is of a more complex character. The desire of the Government has been that the natives should not, as too often has happened, be overworked and underpaid by the white planters; they therefore have forbidden men to dispose of their labour, except by permission of their chiefs. The planters declare that, so far from being benefited by this patriarchal arrangement, men who would willingly work are not allowed to work, and that the chiefs fatten on the exactions which they levy.

RECKLESS DRIVING.—Mr. Gladstone was nearly run over in Piccadilly the other day; if the calamity had actually happened it would probably have had an effect on the sentence which Charles Love, the coachman of a private carriage, received on Monday, at Hammersmith Police Court, for furious driving. It was stated that the prisoner and the footman in the same service were both drunk when they committed the offence charged. Some costermongers' barrows were upset, and two women were knocked down, one being run over and badly hurt. Love was sentenced to twenty-one days' imprisonment. On the same day, at Westminster, Thomas Garwood, the driver of a hansom, was sentenced to two months' imprisonment for a similar offence. One of the witnesses described his pace as that of a fire-engine. He came into collision with a pony-chaise containing a gentleman and his wife, smashed it to pieces, wounded the lady, and so injured the pony that it will

have to go to the knacker's. Garwood's punishment was not too heavy, and Love's was too light. Magistrates are bound to treat furious driving as a serious offence. By doing so they may end by frightening some of those pernicious people who go out on Sundays in borrowed traps, and form the worst category of reckless drivers. These persons can seldom manage a horse, but on Sunday evenings, when they have been out for a junket and come home merry, they think it fun to race along the suburban roads, and they are continually causing accidents, though they do not often get caught, because if they overturn anybody they lash their horses into a gallop and vanish. Hard measure should be dealt to these pests when they do get caught.

MR. COURTNEY.—Everybody respects the motives which have led Mr. Courtney to withdraw from the Government; nevertheless, most people are of opinion that he has made a mistake. Had there been only one scheme of proportional representation before the country, his resignation would have been intelligible; but there are many such schemes. The advocates of proportional representation are united as to the end they wish to obtain; about the means they are hopelessly at variance. The most thorough-going adherents of John Stuart Mill's ideas on this subject would be content with nothing short of Mr. Hare's plan, whereas others would be satisfied with the proposals of Sir John Lubbock. Between these extremes there are several grades of opinion, and some ardent reformers have offered suggestions which they alone appear to be capable of understanding. The Government, then, would only have courted defeat if they had attempted to secure proportional representation by any device foreign to the ways of thinking which have hitherto prevailed in England; and it is hard to understand why Mr. Courtney should have left them for not doing what they could not do. He will not even have the consolation of thinking that his resignation will benefit the cause for which he is so ready to make sacrifices. The principle of proportional representation is undoubtedly sound; for it is self-evident that in an ideal representative system Parliament would exactly reflect the currents of opinion and sentiment in the country. But Mr. Courtney and his friends have not the faintest chance of succeeding until they have devised some simple and effective method about which all of them will be of one mind. They are not likely to do that for some time.

THE WHITE WILL AND THE BLUE WILL.—That large portion of the public which cares little for politics, and is not even aroused from its apathy by the arithmetical fascinations of Redistribution, has for some time past been enjoying a perfect feast in the Law Reports. There has been something to suit every kind of taste—libel, breach of promise, divorce, forgery, murder. As De Quincey observed, there is nothing equal in interest to a really "good" murder—that is, a murder abounding in mystery, in display of character, and in dramatic situations; but it is run pretty hard by such a *cause célèbre* as the Whalley will case, which, told in artistic form by a novelist who knew something about law, and with the introduction of a touch of love-making to please the young folks, would be eagerly read. We need not here recapitulate the salient features of the affair; it is sufficient to observe that—apart from any genuine repentance which, it is to be hoped, they feel—the two men who have been convicted, Thomas and Nash, must bitterly regret that in the early stages of the business they did not act with more moderation. If they had been content with a smaller share of the plunder, and in the forged document had left Henry Priestman a more liberal share of the old man's property than 5,000*l.*, the latter, whatever his suspicions might be, would have hesitated to invoke the uncertainties of the law. Still more extraordinary was their conduct when the compromise had been arranged. In malicious triumph they waved a blue paper from their window in the faces of Priestman and his solicitor. This apparently trivial incident aroused suspicion; a civil action was instituted, and the judgment then obtained was necessarily followed by the criminal prosecution which has resulted so disastrously for two of the accused persons.

DIAMONDS ON THE STAGE.—It was high time that a protest should be made against the absurd extravagance with which some actresses dress. A manager has been calling upon other managers to join him in prohibiting these ladies from covering themselves with jewels in comedies where such adornments are not needed. Nothing tends so much to the demoralisation of the stage as this practice. Third-rate actresses, who cannot possibly afford to buy jewellery out of their salaries, flaunt diamonds and rubies in scenes where actresses of far greater talent, but more decorum, attire themselves in a becoming fashion. Why should an actress be permitted to wear brilliant rings when playing the part of a milkmaid or servant-girl? Managers have an absolute right to forbid these incongruities, which are far too frequent; and those among them who fail to do this cannot have a proper regard for stage proprieties. This question has its importance at a time when we hear so much about raising the status of the dramatic profession. If the prejudices against actresses as a class are to be combated, the stage must cease to be a place where women, who do no honour to the profession by their abilities, may parade themselves as owners of ill-gotten finery.

FREE TRADE ABROAD.—The economical doctrines which Cobden preached so earnestly are disregarded everywhere beyond the boundaries of the United Kingdom, and it is doubtful whether they will be able to hold their own even here when the present generation of statesmen have gone to their rest and Democracy is fully in the ascendant. The Free Trade breeze which blew over France some five-and-twenty years ago was chiefly due to the personal influence of the Emperor; the Republic, which succeeded, has decidedly, as the Americans say, "gone" Protectionist, and now it is proposed to levy a duty on corn. It is remarkable that this impost will confer little or no advantage on the small land-owners, who themselves consume the corn they raise, but only on the large farmers. In America, the proposals of Mr. McCulloch, Secretary of the United States Treasury, tend, though rather timidly, in the direction of Free Trade. Head-advocates the remission of duties on raw materials; but, at the same time, he would subsidise steamship lines. The people of the United States are just now very eager to get the trade of the South American States into their own hands. They would like to apply the Monroe doctrine to this traffic. At present they cannot compete with this "rotten old monarchical island." Brazil uses every year 5,000,000 dollars' worth of American butter. But it goes from New York to Liverpool, and thence to Brazil. The Americans fancy we recommend Free Trade to them from interested motives. On the contrary, our interest is that they should stay Protectionist. If they were to adopt entire Free Trade, their energy, shrewdness, and enormous internal resources would make them far more formidable rivals than they now are.

CERTIFICATES OF LUNACY.—The Italians have a proverb, "Vengeance is a dish that should be eaten cold." Mrs. Weldon has not only been amply avenged of her own enemies, but she seems to have scared the whole medical profession. Doctors have become very wary about signing certificates of lunacy, and some inconvenience must have resulted from this in cases where certificates were urgently wanted. But, on the whole, this will be a good thing if it leads to the reform of the Lunacy Laws. Certificates ought to be countersigned by a magistrate, or by some parochial lunacy doctor permanently appointed. This would cover the responsibility of doctors signing in good faith, and deter dishonest doctors from entering into conspiracies to shut up people who are not insane. The next step ought to be to place all asylums under State or county control. Persons who are proved to be dangerous to themselves or to others ought not to be entrusted to the care of private speculators. There may be exaggeration in some of the stories told about the irregularities of private asylums; but it is equally possible that some of the worst facts about certain of these places never come to light. As the law at present stands, a man need not be a doctor to get a license for keeping lunatics. It is enough that he should employ a doctor. The law, again, empowers nobody to see that the lunatic has food and accommodation suitable to the price which is paid for him, or that he gets the medical treatment adapted to his special malady—for there are several varieties of the insane. All this calls for change.

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA DOUBLE-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, entitled "PUTTING OFF TO A WICK ON THE NORFOLK COAST."

To CORRESPONDENTS.—The Editor will endeavour, as far as lies in his power, to return to the senders, or to any address which they may indicate, all Sketches, whether used for the purposes of illustration or not, and all rejected MSS. (or the transmission of these latter postage stamps must be enclosed); but at the same time he wishes it to be clearly understood that, although every possible care will be taken of such Sketches or MSS., he declines to accept any responsibility in the event of their being mislaid or lost.

THE GRAPHIC CHRISTMAS NUMBER
IS NOW OUT OF PRINT.



THE NILE EXPEDITION

THE GUARDS' CAMEL CORPS

"SOME of my sketches," writes the officer who has forwarded the sketches, "explain themselves. The crocodile depicted was hit by one of the officers at over 100 yards just as he was sloping into the water, so two of us landed at once with a boat full of Arabs. Whilst one gave him his *coup de grâce* at three yards, the other, assisted by the natives, pulled him on shore, and hauled him on board the steamer. His length was 12 ft. 9 in., his girth 6 ft., and his weight was eagerly devoured by the natives at the next village. Although everybody had asserted there were no crocodiles below Wady Halfa, this was the third we saw."

"Our first camel parade was recently held here (Wady Halfa). All the men were very keen and got up and were pitched off indiscriminately. Getting up is half the battle. Having succeeded in getting your steed on his knees, you place your foot in the stirrup. In seven cases out of eight the brute rises before you are ready, and either jerks you over the saddle or upsets you backwards. Supposing you get happily seated before he rises, the first motion turns you over his neck, the next nearly breaks the small of your

back against the hind pummel, and the third sends you on to the fore pummel again. Walking is luxurious if your animal does not buck-jump. Trotting is quite the reverse; however, we hope by the time we get to Dongola to have our internal organs jumbled back into their correct places, where they certainly are not at this moment. The beasts manoeuvre extraordinarily well considering they've not been trained in the least, but zeal is everything, and we shall be ready in four days at the outside, notwithstanding the difficulties of sore backs, rotten leather, and broken saddles. Our drivers, of which there are about one to every twelve camels, are blacks of every breed, Bishareen, Somali, Seedi, Nubian, Arab, and Fellah. Their duties consist chiefly in chattering half the day and sleeping the other half, so we could well do without them. The idea is to use the camels solely as means of carrying the soldiers quickly from place to place, and then letting them act as infantry *pur et simple*."

OUR KROOMEN ALLIES

THE Kroomen who have been enlisted in the Egyptian Expedition come from the Liberian Coast, where the natives are hardy and robust, and are greatly in demand as labourers in the equatorial regions of the West Coast. All trading vessels in that district take gangs of Kroomen to do the rough work of the ship, and ships of war employ them to save the white crew from too much labour in the tropical sun. Every trader from the Gambia to the Equator invariably obtains a supply, and without them the commerce of Western Africa could not be carried on. The Kroomen, while hard-working, are timid, superstitious, and great thieves, and though they readily learn a foreign language and foreign manners, they relapse in barbarism on their return home. Our sketches are by Mr. D. Mosconas, and represent the arrival of a shipful of Kroomen at Wady Halfa, and some subsequent marketing experiences of these gentlemen in the bazaar, where the following dialogues ensue:—Arab Merchant: "One egg, two pence halfpenny." Krooman: "Too dear, old blacky fellow." Arab Merchant: "You black Ingliz." Another Arab, trying to sell a fowl, says: "Dad is bono." Krooman: "Yes, is nothing but bones." Arab: "Yes, Ingliz black bones." Krooman: "Get away, you black devil." The Arabs always call the Kroomen "English blacks."

WITH THE AFGHAN BOUNDARY COMMISSION

THE march across the Indian desert to Herat of the Indian section of the Afghan Boundary Commission, under Colonel Ridgeway, seems to have been conducted with great forethought and system. Before the Expedition left Quetta, Colonel Ridgeway went forward to Nushki, and arranged with the celebrated freebooter Sirdar Azad, Khan of Kharan, for the loan of 300 riding camels to carry such soldiers as might be footsore on the way. The great difficulty of the march was the water supply, which was exceedingly limited at the various halting stations—thus necessitating the division of the Expedition into three echelons, each a day's march apart. Each echelon had its corps of guides, mounted and on foot, and the last division was devoted to the heavy baggage, carried by 662 camels, under the escort of the 20th Punjabis. The whole escort had been reduced to the lowest possible denomination, namely, 200 cavalry and 200 infantry, and the most stringent and minute instructions were issued to all with regard to the order of march, it being absolutely necessary for the safety of life and property that the line should not be broken or thrown into confusion. The march from Quetta to Nushki was conducted with but little incident. The country was arid and barren, tamarisk bushes and camels' thorn being the only vegetation. One night march of twenty-five miles without water proved the admirable capacity of the Punjabis for their task, as not a man fell out. The Expedition left Nushki, as we have said, in three detachments, from September 29th to October 1st, starting by night, so as to avoid the hot sun, and to give the camels time to graze in the daylight.

Two of our illustrations represent stations between Nushki and the Helmund—Safiya, a distance of 89, and Shalian, a distance of 12½ miles from Nushki, the last being 76 miles from Khwaja Ali, on the Helmund. The Expedition arrived at Herat on Nov. 14th, and was cordially welcomed by the Governor and the population.

THE BECHUANALAND VOLUNTEERS

THE first contingent of 300 men to form a portion of the Volunteer Expeditionary Force, under Sir Charles Warren, in Bechuanaland, embarked on the 26th ult. on board the *Pembroke Castle* (Captain Robinson), in the East and West India Docks at Blackwall. Before 11 A.M. all except some fifteen, who were going to join at Dartmouth or Gravesend, were alongside the ship, but when the muster-roll was called a couple of men who came down the worse for liquor were refused, and their passage warrants cancelled. The Volunteers were in civilian dress, their uniforms will be fitted during the voyage. From their appearance, fully one half of the Volunteers are drawn from quite the superior class of society, while the remainder comprise a large quota of sons of farmers, some of whom have had experience in the Yeomanry, while there is a sufficient leaven of old cavalrymen to give the necessary military tone. On the voyage out, in addition to daily drill, there will be a course of musketry practice with the ingenious "Morris Tube," for which targets are to be rigged up on booms forward, and by which all the men can be made fair shots before reaching their destination. The second contingent of the Expeditionary Force, over 300 in number, were to sail from Southampton on Thursday in the Union Company's steamship *Spartan*. Many of them are young farmers who ride to hounds, and are accustomed to the use of rifle and gun.

WITH THE TROOPS IN SOUTH AFRICA

OUR sketches are by Lieutenant-Colonel H. G. Robley, of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, who writes:—"Wherever ant-hills abound there may be found the *Oryctopus*, known amongst the Dutch inhabitants as 'Aard Vark,' or 'earth-pig,' so named from its habit of burrowing and its porker-like appearance. When full-grown it measures about 3 ft. 4 in. from the snout to the root of the tail. The claws are exceedingly powerful, enabling the animal to march at a rapid rate. The ears are singularly long and pointed, while the mouth is small and the tongue flat and slender, not cylindrical as in the true ant-eater, nor capable of being protruded to such an extent as in the latter animal. The 'Aard Vark,' however, lives upon ants, and is itself uncommonly good eating. One of my sketches shows the capture of an 'Aard Vark' which is held by Lieutenant Richardson's bull-terrier, 'Ben.' He was seized as he emerged from his earth, from which he was dug out after seven hours' labour, being only stopped in his burrowing by encountering a rock. He was duly secured with ropes and taken to Cape Town barracks, but, escaping in the night, he suddenly startled a young sentry by appearing round a corner with erect ears, and sniffing in a diabolical manner round the man's bare legs. The alarmed sentry turned out the guard, and piggy was secured. Ultimately, however, as he did not appreciate captivity, he was taken into the country and set free, upon which he speedily disappeared into the bowels of the earth."

"There are plenty of snakes of all descriptions on the flats, and Lieutenant C——, R.E., was suddenly thrown from his pony almost on to a cobra, whose appearance had startled the animal. The snake, it should be said, was equally terrified, and was hurrying away as fast as possible. The pipers of the regiment, also, while practising in a wood near the camp, found that snakes would frequently come

out of the bushes and holes and listen eagerly to their martial and soothing strains. The snakes then, however, would not be so hostile as the one depicted. This snake rather put out the advance of some skirmishers on a field day by its repellent and aggressive attitude. The reptile was poisonous, and all the more dangerous, as these snakes attack man without a moment's delay."

THE SKYE CROFTERS

NO such warlike demonstration probably has been witnessed in the bleak island of Skye since the stirring days of the "Forty-five" as that which took place on the 18th ult. A body of 250 fully armed men, forty of them constables, the remainder marines in brilliant scarlet tunics and glistening helmets, were landed at Uig from the Government vessels, and marched thence along the bleak hill-side road to Staffin, the display being witnessed by groups of natives. Rigorous military discipline was observed by the troops, and no greater caution could have been adopted if they had been marching in the Soudan or through an Afghan pass. As the expedition started from Uig, the gunboat *Forster* and the steamer *Lochiel* weighed anchor, and steamed out of the bay to Staffin, there to await the arrival of the troops overland. The crofters by the wayside paused in their work, and curiously contemplated the invaders. Fisher-girls made game of the soldiers, who were nothing loth to return their chaff; a withered crone danced a derisive break-down; a village idiot, barefooted and bare-breasted, joined the procession, and by his inane laughter provoked among the troops alternate sallies of mirth and expressions of pity. Some of the crofters' huts or shielings are very poor places, built of peat, and unprovided with chimneys, because chimneys let in the cold, so that the air within is thick with "peat-peek."—Our engravings are from sketches made on the spot by Mr. W. Lockhart Bogle.

A TRIP UP THE HUDSON RIVER, NEW YORK

THESE engravings are from sketches by Mr. H. E. Twining, who tells us how he left New York by the Albany day boat which leaves the pier at 9 A.M. Being a week day there were very few Germans on board; on Sundays the boats are crowded with them; he recognised a fellow-countryman, an English tourist, because he was smoking a pipe. This form of inhaling tobacco smoke is in America chiefly confined to the poorer classes. We need not dwell on the oft-described scenery of this noble river, sometimes called the Rhine of America (though we once heard an American lady travelling on the Rhine say, "In the States we should call this a brook"). We will pass by the trap-dyke, called the Palisades, 500 feet high, and Spuyten Duyvil, where Anthony Van Corlear was drowned, glancing *en route*, however, at Piermont, three miles from which, at Tappan, the ill-fated Major André was, during the Revolutionary War, convicted as a British spy, and shot in 1780. Sixty miles from New York is Newburg, a charmingly-situated town, being built on the slope of a high hill, and showing finely from the river. Its chief attraction, however, to strangers is that General Washington had his head-quarters here. Native visitors wax patriotic over the low, old-fashioned rooms; here is the kitchen where no doubt many a time the great Virginian warmed his hands, and here is the clock whose face he so often consulted. We doubt, however, with his courtesy, old-fashioned ways, if he would have approved of the custom which causes the following legend to be inscribed over the mantelpiece: "Please spit in the spittoon."

BANQUET TO THE PRIME MINISTER OF CANADA

A COMPLIMENTARY DINNER was given on the evening of November 26th, at the Empire Club, to Sir John Macdonald, Prime Minister of Canada. The chair was occupied by the Marquis of Lorne, on whose right sat the guest of the evening, and on his left the Marquis of Salisbury. Upwards of eighty noblemen and gentlemen were present, among them being the Duke of Sutherland, Lords Kimberley, Derby, and Carnarvon, Mr. W. H. Smith, Sir T. Brassey, &c. The Prince of Wales sent a letter regretting his inability to be present. Lord Lorne, in proposing the toast of the evening, spoke of Sir J. Macdonald's eminence as a statesman, and of his courtesy, the breadth of his views, the largeness of his heart, and the characteristic sympathy of his nature. Speaking of Federation, Lord Lorne said that he did not know where a man could be found who advocated the severance of England from her colonies. In his reply, Sir J. Macdonald said that although for the present he would reserve the expression of his own views regarding Federation, it was most expedient that there should be a more intimate connexion in the commercial relations between the two countries, and a common system of offence and defence. Lord Derby was inclined to think, as concerning Federation, that the existing relations between the mother country and the colonies were fairly satisfactory. Better, he truly said, a loose and slight constitutional tie, with mutual cordiality, as in the case of Canada and Australia, than close political union with alienation, as in the case of Ireland. One thing is certain. All these banquets and meetings show that the colonies are becoming socially recognised in a way which was unheard of even ten years ago.

CROSS-COUNTRY TRAVELLING IN INDIA

FEW people at home have any idea how one gets about in this country. The railways, are very few and consist at present of only the main trunk lines, thus any cross-country work has to be done either on horseback—carriages are not as a rule available—or the only general conveyance the "palki," carried by four "palkiwallahs," with a relay of two or three men to each palki. In the scene depicted there is not the semblance of a road—no horse and wheeled vehicle could possibly travel. The leading conveyance is a kind of dogcart, drawn by six coolies. The two palkies are in a very rickety condition, and one came to grief before the journey ended. It is really most astonishing the distance these palkiwallahs will go, and for a very small sum. For instance, six men will carry you ninety-eight miles for one rupee four annas a head—seven-and-a-half rupees, about 12s. 6d., and do it in about one-and-a-half days.

The landscape at this time of year (May) is most dreary,—not a blade of grass to be seen, and the thermometer about 84° to 100° in the shade.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Mr. W. H. Deakin, 6, Crooked Lane, Calcutta.

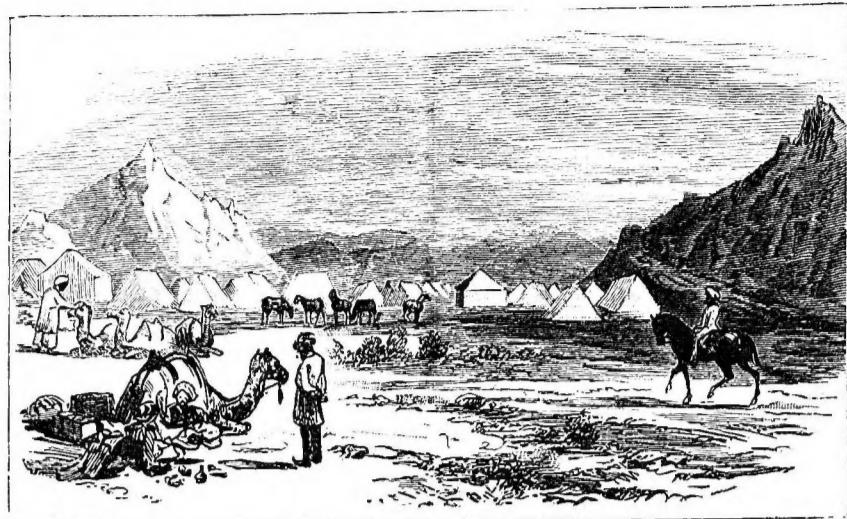
LAUNCH OF A NORFOLK LIFEBOAT

THIS class of boat belongs to the National Life-Boat Institution, and is only used on the Norfolk and Suffolk coasts. They are nineteen in number, twelve of them being exclusively sailing boats, varying from 36 to 46 feet in length, and from 10½ to 12 feet beam.

They are water-ballasted, and to make this provision without giving too much weight for launching, they are fitted with valves, which are not opened until after the boat has left the beach, the quantity of water let in the largest boats being seven tons. These boats have also iron keels, ranging from 12 to 17 cwt. They are not rowed, but have two large lug-sails. They are launched on patent skeets, and hauled off by a warp which is permanently anchored off shore.

"FROM POST TO FINISH"

A NEW STORY, by Captain Hawley Smart, illustrated by John Charlton and Arthur Hopkins, is continued on page 601.



CAMP AT SAFIYA



GORGE LEADING TO CAMP SHALIAN

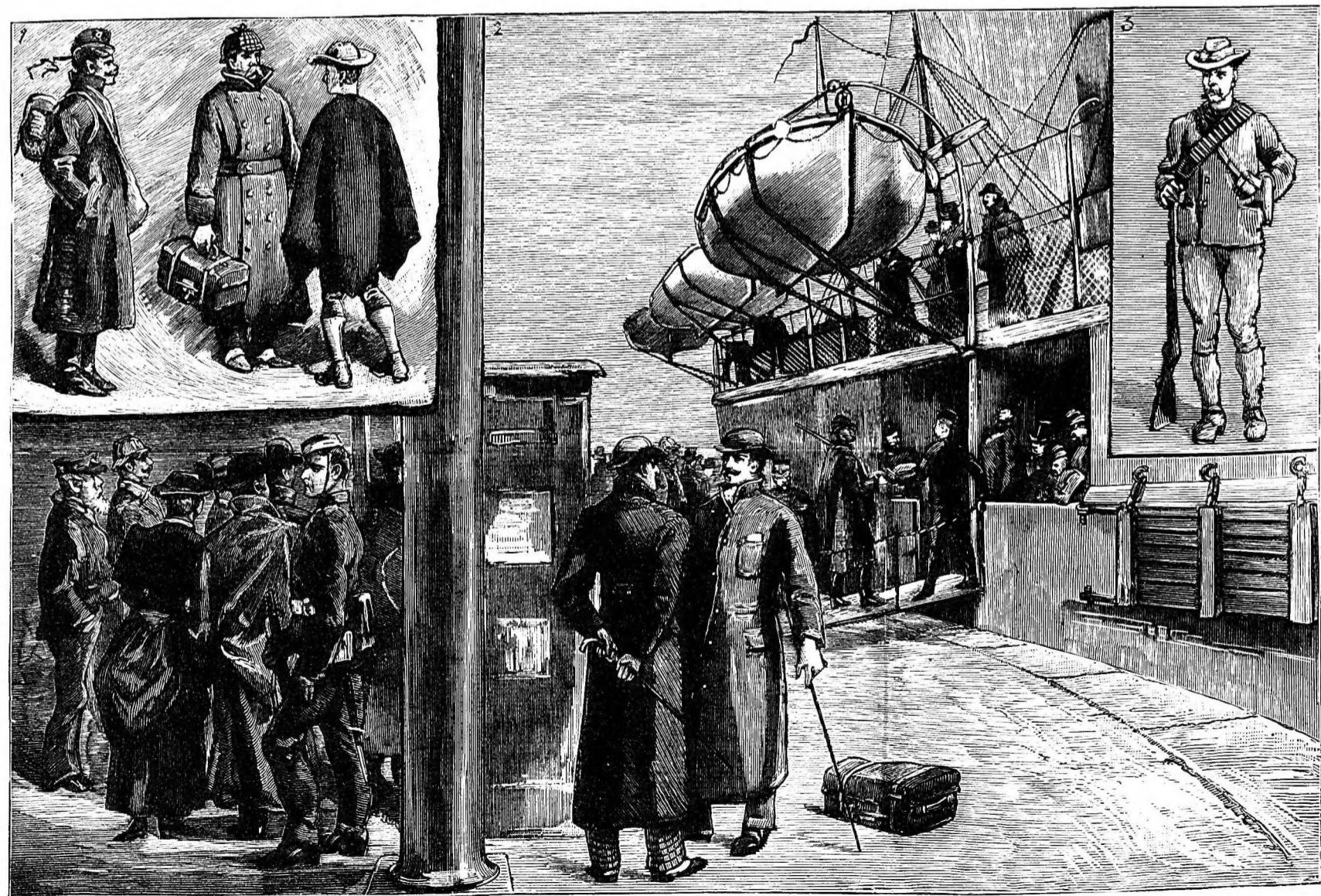


A HAPPY FAMILY

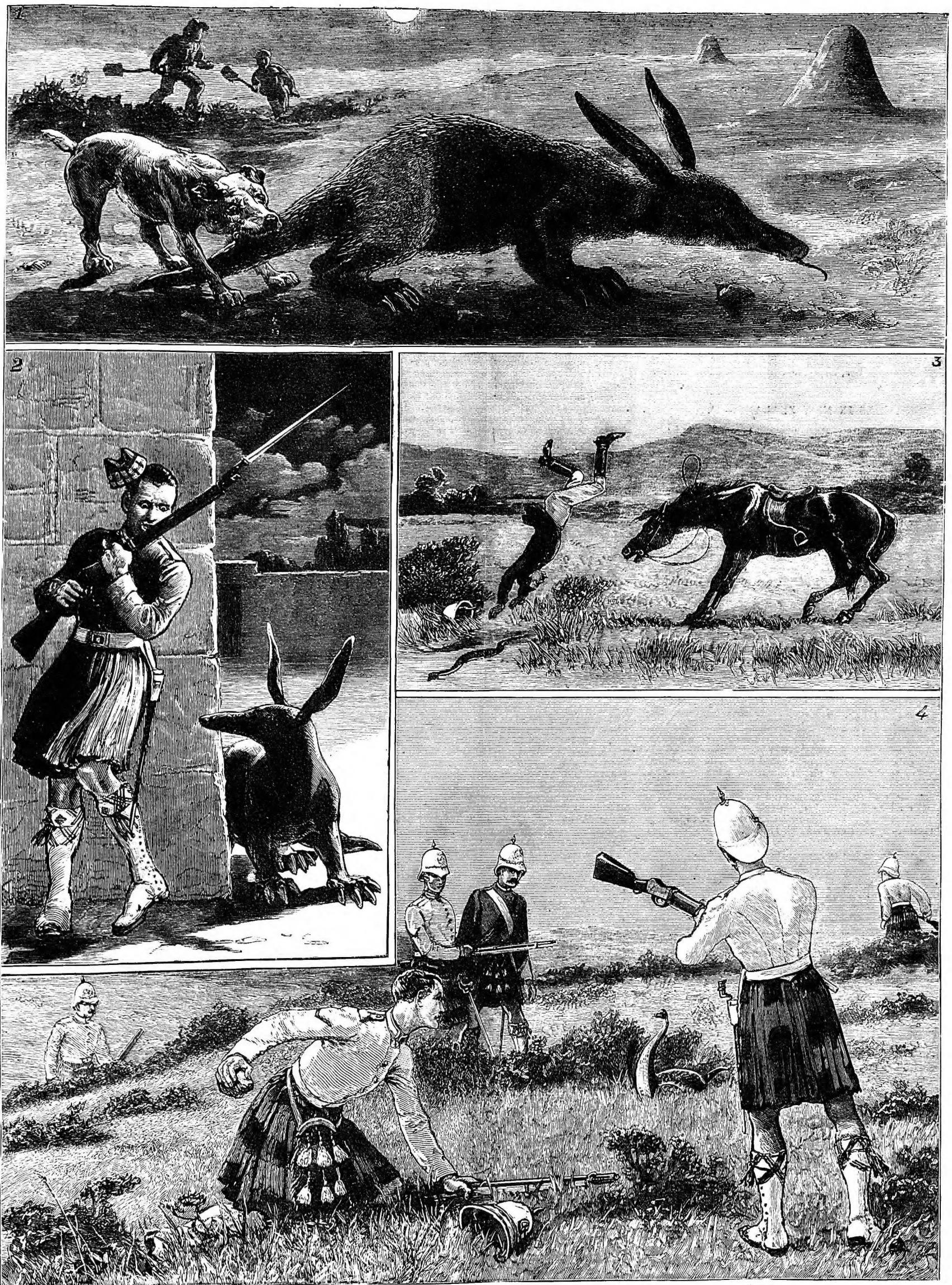


A BEACON FIRE IN THE DESERT

WITH THE AFGHAN FRONTIER COMMISSION — ON THE ROAD FROM QUETTA TO THE HELMUND

1. Some of the Volunteers.—2. Going on Board the *Pembroke Castle* at Blackwall.—3. The Uniform of the New Force.

DISTURBED SOUTH AFRICA—DEPARTURE OF THE VOLUNTEERS FOR BECHUANALAND



1. Capture of an Aard Vark or Earth Pig.—2. A Sentinel Surprised by the Aard Vark.—3. The Lieutenant and the Cobra.—4. Skirmishers at a Field Day on Wynberg Flats Attacked by a Cobra.

DISTURBED SOUTH AFRICA—WITH THE FIRST BATTALION ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS

A FEW DAYS' SPORT IN ASIA MINOR

THESE engravings, by an officer who made the trip, depict some of the experiences of Admiral Hobart Pasha last January, in the neighbourhood of the Dardanelles, a region little known to sportsmen, and where the fallow deer of European parks is found wild. The Admiral bagged one or two of these beautiful animals, whose instinct of self-preservation is so keen that they are off at the slightest sound or suspicion of danger, and therefore to shoot one of them is always considered in these parts as a great triumph for the sportsman. But there is in this district another species of deer even more difficult of approach than the fallow. The party of sportsmen heard of these when they had reached some hills about ten miles inland. Some members of a wandering tribe of Turkomans informed them that they had seen two deer of quite a new species among a herd of fallow deer, that dogs would be useless, because the deer were so shy; but that they (the Turkomans) would surround them, and place the Englishmen where they could get a shot. The offer was accepted, and, after a rough climb over cliffs and rocks, the appointed spot was reached. Let us give the remainder in Admiral Hobart Pasha's own words:—

"Presently we heard the cries of the beaters, and almost at the same moment two splendid fallow deer glided by us like phantoms at the rate of twenty miles an hour. I lit my gun to fire as they passed, but seeing it—head on a line with my own I dared not shoot. I had scarcely got over my disappointment when a splendid deer of a species I had never seen before (though I have forty years' experience as a sportsman) dashed or rather flew at one bound almost over my head. I positively shot at him while he was in the air, and he came down with a thud like a huge bird, stone dead. He weighed about 220 lbs., stood about fourteen hands high, his antlers were smooth (unlike those of the antelope), had neither branches nor points, and were three feet nine inches long. The eyes were large and prominent, the skin on the back was dark brown, very much furred, that on the stomach was quite white. The feet were very large, and the tail fourteen inches long (unusual for a deer). In short, he was a most curious and handsome beast. The savants at the Sultan's Palace at Constantinople say it is a specimen of the Cassik Boa, a species of deer not unknown in Asia Minor, but very rare."

SKETCHES IN NEW ZEALAND.—II.

THE scenery of the south-western extremity of the Middle Island of New Zealand is especially fine. The whole range of coast is guarded by a range of snow-capped mountains, varying from 6,000 to 10,000 and 12,000 feet high. Milford Sound is like a huge crack in the range, and here the cliffs descend 3,000 to 4,000 feet sheer down, on each side they rise up and shut out the sky, while beautiful ferns and creepers relieve the stupendous face of the precipices of Mount Kimberley and the Mitre. Like the Norwegian fords Milford Sound is long and narrow,—seven miles long, and in some places only 400 yards across. Two men live on a tiny piece of shore at one end; their only sight of human life is when an occasional steamer calls. Stirling Falls are 400 feet high.—The beautiful river Waikati, the water of which is of the most exquisite blue-green colour, is here shown as it cuts its way from Lake Taupo through the vast white pumice-stone beds of the volcanic district.—The Canterbury Plains are 112 miles long, and of irregular breadth. They appear to the eye a dead level, but really there is a rise of 1,500 feet from the sea to the base of the mountains, which rise up at once 6,000 to 10,000 feet from them. From these mountains angry snow rivers descend to the sea. Much corn is now grown on the once barren Canterbury Plains.—The Pink Terrace, Hot Lake District, has already been several times described by us. It is enough, therefore, to say here that above these terraces are huge natural cauldrons, the water in which is impregnated with silica, and has slowly formed these perfect marble terraces, each terrace glistening white or pink, and provided with a basin of opal-coloured water.—At Tiki Teri may be seen boiling black or yellow mud springs. The hideous noises, the fearful stenches, the slimy seething recall Dante's *Inferno*. Yet, repulsive as they look, these springs are wholesome, and are resorted to for the cure of disease.—Diamond Lake is the glassy little sheet of water at the foot of Mount Earnslaw, lying in what has well been named Paradise Flat.—Mount Earnslaw is a grand solitary mountain (11,000 feet) standing at the head of Lake Wakatipu. It has a glacier all to itself, and will doubtless become a sort of Jungfrau to future generations of New Zealanders.—Our engravings are from sketches by the Rev. F. R. C. Hutton.



THE House of Commons reassembled in great force on Monday, after a brief and memorable interval, during which the details of the Redistribution of Seats Bill were settled. Mr. Gladstone was to explain the Bill, in moving for leave to introduce it, and great efforts were made, alike by strangers and by members, to be present on the historic occasion. For the Liberals, no element of curiosity influenced them. At a meeting held at the Foreign Office during the afternoon Mr. Gladstone had already explained the details of the scheme—a duty undertaken with the object of soothing some outraged spirits who resented this method of arranging matters "out of court." But the great body of the Conservatives were in the dark, and in any case it would be a desirable thing to be present on the occasion. So the benches on the floor of the House overflowed, the side galleries were crowded, strangers filled to the doors the part allotted to them, whilst members of the other House, racing each other for desirable places, came tumbling into their gallery, as if they were a lot of schoolboys instead of an assemblage of noble lords.

The Irish members had, after their fashion, loaded the paper with questions, of which not less than fifty-five were set down in print, at the cost of the patient taxpayer. Some time ago Mr. Biggar, amid general cheering, was publicly rebuked for two questions he had placed upon the paper, one insinuating a monstrous charge against the honesty of two officers in the army (just dead), the other having already, in varying forms, been put five times. This demonstration was an unexpected joy to Mr. Biggar. It was the writhing of the body that showed his strokes had hurt. Some men would have shrunk abashed from this public reproof upon conviction of the meanest conduct. To Mr. Biggar it was an unexpected reward. Since then he has been diligently fishing for a renewal of rebuke. One night he had not less than nine questions on the paper, and having put them, and no one thinking it worth while to rebuke him, he sat in gloomy silence. Six is by no means an exceptional number, and no night passes but he occupies the time of the House with three or four.

The questions on Monday were disposed of with unusual rapidity, and at five o'clock the crowded audience began to glance uneasily at the one vacant seat. The Premier, happy man! is accustomed to spare himself the duty of hearing the greater part of questions, but comes in at the last moment, when the group personally addressed to him fall due. But he is always in good time to do

what is necessary. On Monday his place remained empty whilst the last question was put. He still tarried whilst the newly-elected members, Mr. Caine and Mr. Sutherland, took their seats. Then ensued an awkward pause. Business in the House of Commons is conducted on the principle of the endless chain. It may not be of much importance, but it must go forward without a break. If a member, having given notice of a motion, is not in his place to move it, the next business in order is taken. No exception could be made even in the case of the Premier, and just as the House was beginning to have an uneasy apprehension that there would after all be no speech on introducing the Seats Bill, Lord Hartington, after a whispered consultation with the Speaker, took upon himself to move the motion standing in the name of the Premier, which was that all orders of the day be postponed till after the motion for the introduction of the Seats Bill. Lord Hartington had scarcely got through the opening sentences of his remarks when Mr. Gladstone hurried in, and was greeted with a good-humoured cheer.

The speech, like the occasion, was altogether out of the ordinary line. In introducing Bills of the first class, Mr. Gladstone is accustomed to make a great oratorical effort, never speaking for less than two hours, and sometimes running far into the third. On Monday he spoke just fifty minutes. In truth, it was not speaking, in the ordinary Parliamentary sense of the term. It was just explaining in conversational tone and manner the details of a far-reaching measure. The House, submitting itself to his leadership in this as in other matters, regarded the business from the same point of view. There were no exciting episodes of strenuous cheering and angry counter-cheering. There was no laughter, no bandying of words, and only a single interjection from Mr. Warton. The fact is, all enthusiasm had evaporated during the autumn campaign, and all excitement had been worn out during the progress of the negotiations between the Leaders. It was known that all fighting was over, and only a portion of the House had room for curiosity as to the precise manner in which it was settled.

Beyond this, something like two hundred of the gentlemen who listened to the Premier learned that they were disestablished, if not evicted. For them the passing of the Seats Bill meant an earthquake amid which their particular borough would disappear. All the little blandishments they had bestowed upon electors would go for nought. All the nursing in the world could not save their foredoomed constituency. It was marked out for destruction, and as for them they must go forth and seek new ties. In such circumstances, apart from all other considerations, it is small wonder that the audience the Premier addressed on Monday was in doleful dumps.

A string of questions followed the exposition, but no desire was shown to enter upon debate. The second reading was taken on Thursday, when many speeches were made. But by common consent the real discussion is postponed till February, when on the stage of moving that the Speaker leave the Chair the floodgates of eloquence will be opened, and the public may expect a good time through a full fortnight. At the present time of writing there is every promise of the adjournment taking place to-morrow (Saturday), and a memorable Autumn Session being added to history.

The disposal of the first stage of the Seats Bill being accomplished on Monday, left Tuesday free for important business connected with the Navy. In both Houses the heads of this department made statements before audiences which scarcely seemed to come up to the importance of the occasion. In neither House was the gathering one quarter so big or so interested as it was, for example, when one night in the last Parliament a Minister connected with naval affairs rose to controvert a statement that he had in his private capacity supplied the naval stores with rope. Such members as were present received the statement with manifest satisfaction. It indicated a very important and comprehensive addition to the strength of the British Navy. Something over five million sterling is to be voted within the next five years for the building of new ships, this over and above the ordinary Naval Estimates, which yearly provide for a certain amount of additional tonnage. There are to be built four ironclads of the first-class; five belted cruisers as they are called, being fast steaming ships, partly ironclad; two torpedo rams; ten *Scouts*, smaller cruisers of high speed, intended for the protection of the mercantile marine; and thirty torpedo boats. A new and much-applauded feature in the proposal is that by far the greater portion of these new ships are to be offered for private contract, with the object of relieving the depression in the shipping trade. In addition to this augmentation of ships, 1,600,000/- is to be expended on naval ordnance and 825,000/- on coaling stations, making a total expenditure of 5,525,000/-, payment of which will be raised during the next five years as the work goes forward.

There was in the House of Commons some speech-making upon this statement, but for an obvious reason its practical value was not great. Naval authorities in the House, though exceedingly voluble, are not ready speakers. They invariably prepare their speeches in advance, a rule from which even a practised debater like Mr. W. H. Smith is not exempt. As for Lord Henry Lennox, he brought down an armful of manuscript, and patiently awaited an opportunity of reading it. Naturally these remarks could not have any direct bearing upon the statement, which for the first time had made members acquainted with the intentions of the Government. But speeches must needs be made, and so the debate was kept up till one o'clock in the morning.



THE REDISTRIBUTION SCHEME seems to have been received throughout the country with some satisfaction, unaccompanied by the slightest enthusiasm; and a somewhat similar reception was bestowed on the outline which Mr. Gladstone sketched of it at a meeting of the Liberal members of the House of Commons a few hours before he introduced the Redistribution Bill in the House of Commons.

THERE WAS A GOOD DEAL of desultory discussion and interrogation respecting the Redistribution Bill at a meeting at the Carlton on Tuesday of Conservative members of both Houses of Parliament, after a statement from Lord Salisbury, who presided. The point chiefly elucidated was that among the provisions of the Bill, which would not be considered "vital," were the proposed addition of twelve to the number of members of the House of Commons, and the retention of the present number of Irish representatives.

MR. GLADSTONE has intimated that there is neither "foundation" nor "authority" for the statement he intends to resign the Premiership and retire from active public life after the passing of the Franchise and Redistribution Bills.

ON WEDNESDAY, at a banquet of the Liverpool Reform Club, Lord Rosebery reviewed the political situation at home and abroad. He spoke strongly against "scuttling out" of Egypt, expressed approval of the compromise of the Redistribution question, and recommended reform, instead of abolition, of the House of Lords. He frankly expressed the opinion that a seat in the Second Chamber of the future should not be conferred by hereditary right. That principle, he believed, was doomed.

AS WAS EXPECTED, Mr. Leonard Courtney has resigned the office of Financial Secretary to the Treasury, because he considers the principle of proportional representation to be inadequately carried out in the Government Redistribution scheme by the system of single-membered districts, which he also regards as otherwise objectionable. On Wednesday he spoke at a special meeting of the Proportional Representation Society, advising opposition to the clause of the Redistribution Bill which divides large boroughs into wards, each returning a single member. A resolution was passed expressing admiration of his conduct in resigning office.

TWO CHANGES in the occupation of high diplomatic posts are announced, arising out of Lord Dufferin's appointment to the India Viceroyalty. He is succeeded as Ambassador at Constantinople by Sir Edward Thornton, formerly British Minister at Washington, and now Ambassador at St. Petersburg, where a successor for him has been found in Sir Robert Morier, now Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at Madrid.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL sailed from Gravesend for India on Wednesday afternoon in the P. and O. steamer *Rohilla*. On embarking he was loudly cheered.

AT THE REQUEST OF MRS. FAWCETT, Mr. Leslie Stephen has undertaken to prepare a memoir of the late Postmaster-General, and invites the communication of biographical material.

AT THE USUAL BANQUET ON THE ANNIVERSARY, the 22nd, of the London Scottish Corporation, held on Monday, St. Andrew's Day this year falling on a Sunday, Lord Aberdeen presided, and subscriptions to the amount of 2,500/- were announced. Among the speakers were the French Ambassador and the American Minister, both of whom boasted that Scottish blood ran in their veins, and passed some appropriate compliments to the national virtues of their relatives north of the Tweed. M. Waddington naturally referred to the old alliance and connection between France and Scotland, making the rather striking remark that among French peasants and soldiers he had often noticed a strange liking for Scotland.

AT THE ANNUAL ANNIVERSARY MEETING OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY this week, Professor Huxley, whose regretted illness would not allow him to preside, was re-elected President. Among the Royal medals awarded was one to Professor George Darwin, son of the late distinguished scientist, for his mathematical investigations on the effects of an imperfect rigidity of the earth and on tides.

WITH A FEW EXCEPTIONS, Belfast and Derry among them, the elections of Mayors and Sheriffs by the Irish Corporations have gone in favour of the Nationalists. In Cork a coalition of Liberals and Conservatives to re-elect a Loyalist Mayor was unsuccessful.

DISGRACEFUL AND DISHEARTENING outrages of various kinds have accompanied the advent of winter in Ireland; but all others of them have been thrown into the shade by a diabolical attempt, partially successful, to blow up, it is supposed with dynamite, Edinburgh House, the residence of Mr. S. M. Hussey, in County Kerry. The explosion took place about four in the morning of Friday last week, when Mr. Hussey, his family and household, were in bed; and though several of the bedrooms, including those of Mr. and Mrs. Hussey and one of their daughters, were completely wrecked, their occupants escaped without serious injury. Mr. Hussey is agent for some of the largest estates in the south of Ireland.

BETWEEN 10,000 and 12,000 workmen are out of employment on Tyneside between Newcastle and Tynemouth. Local philanthropy is making active exertions to relieve them and their families.

ON SATURDAY MORNING last a fire broke out in the famous brewery of Messrs. Barclay, Perkins, and Co., Park Street, Southwark, originally established by Mr. Thrale, Dr. Johnson's friend, and it burned for several hours. The damage done is estimated at between 8,000/- and 10,000/- The cause of the fire is unknown.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death of the ninth Lord Stafford, who represented Pontefract in the Liberal interest from 1830 to 1834, being one of the first English Roman Catholics returned to the House of Commons after the passing of the Emancipation Act, in his eighty-third year; of the Hon. and Very Rev. H. M. Browne, Dean of Lismore, aged eighty-five; of Mr. Thomas (commonly abbreviated into "Tom") Collins, Conservative member for Knaresborough (where his family had been settled for more than two centuries), known in the House of Commons as a quaint and ready speaker, in his fifty-ninth year; of Mr. E. D. Baynes, late Colonial Secretary, and Lieutenant-Governor of the Leeward Islands, in his sixty-seventh year; of the Rev. J. F. Campbell, D.D., for twenty years pastor of an Independent Church in Bradford, and in 1873 Chairman of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, a theological writer of some reputation; of Miss Susanna Winkworth, known to the reading public, particularly through the "Lyra Germanica," as a translator from the German, and in Bristol by the practical energy which she successfully devoted to the improvement of the dwellings of its poor, in her sixty-fifth year; of Sir Alexander Grant, Principal of the University of Edinburgh, to fill which office he was summoned from India, where he had been Principal of the Elphinstone College, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Bombay, and Director of Public Instruction in the Bombay Presidency. He was the editor of the "Nicomachean Ethics" of Aristotle, and contributed the monographs on Aristotle and Xenophon to the "Ancient Classics for English Readers." Not many months before his death he published an exhaustive History of the University of Edinburgh, on the occasion of the celebration of its tercentenary, in which he took a prominent part. He had married a daughter of the well-known Scotch metaphysician, Professor Ferrier, of St. Andrews, himself the son-in-law of Professor Wilson—"Christopher North." At his death Sir Alexander Grant was in his fifty-eighth year.

INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN OIL COLOURS

I.

THE second exhibition of oil pictures at the spacious Gallery in Piccadilly suffers not at all by comparison with the first. The members of the Association, now nearly a hundred in number, are with few exceptions well represented, and among the numerous other artists who have availed themselves of the opportunity of exhibiting their works advantageously are some of the first rank. Perfect impartiality seems to have been exercised in the arrangement of the pictures, the members of the Society not being more favoured in this way than the outsiders. Among many good genre pictures in the collection, one of the best is Mr. Seymour Lucas's scene of seventeenth-century life, "The Elopement," showing the arrival of a runaway couple at a country inn. The face of the travel-stained bride, who sits by the fire, might be more beautiful and expressive, but all the other figures are lifelike and characteristic, especially the host, who, while obsequious in gesture, shows by a knowing look that he thoroughly understands the nature of the situation. Near this is a large picture of an Arab mounting his horse in the very picturesque courtyard of an Algerian house, by the American painter, Mr. F. A. Bridgman. It is full of suffused light, and entirely free from the metallic harshness of colour that formerly characterised his work. Another American artist, Mr. F. D. Millet, appears to great advantage in "No Unwelcome Guest," representing a gentleman of the last century seated at table in a country inn, attended by a comely serving-maid. Some admixture of warm colour in the reflected lights would render the picture more agreeable and more true, but in every other respect the treatment is most artistic. Mr. J. W. Waterhouse has succeeded in giving a

striking appearance of reality to his picture of life in ancient Rome, "A Byway." The graceful girls at work with their distaffs in a narrow street are instinct with vitality; the rich tints of their costumes are well harmonised, and the effect of bright sunshine admirably rendered. Mr. R. W. Macbeth has also overcome the difficulty of bringing into harmony local colours of the most vivid kind in "A Market Flower Stall," in which an animated and attractive girl is seen surrounded by flowers of brilliant and varied hues. The picture glows with light and colour, and is in perfect keeping. Mr. Macbeth also sends an excellent little sketch for his picture, "A Sacrifice," already exhibited.

The only picture by the President, Mr. J. D. Linton, representing an armed knight standing with a banner in his hand, is of small size, and remarkable chiefly for its fine technical qualities, its accurate design, its subdued harmony of colour, and finished workmanship. Mr. Charles Green also sends only a single figure, that of a carefully-attired gentleman of the last century, "Waiting" in the antechamber apparently of a Minister of State. Though not especially interesting as regards subject, it displays the sound artistic qualities we have been accustomed to find in his work. Besides some smaller works, Mr. J. Fulleylove has a large picture of the gardens of "Versailles under the Grand Monarque," peopled by courtiers and stately ladies. The figures are well grouped, and all the architectural features of the scene, the marble fountains and the statues, are delineated with great skill and a keen appreciation of their especial character and beauty; but the prevailing colour is not so harmonious or so pure as in the artist's water-colour drawings of similar subjects. Mr. Hugh Carter displays great and unexpected ability in oil painting. In execution and in all the other qualities of art, his "Welsh Interior," with a peasant woman tending her sick child, is better than anything by him that we have seen. It is full of genuine domestic sentiment, and it derives an additional charm from its grave simplicity of treatment, its excellent balance of light and shade, and sober harmony of tone.

Mr. Herkomer sends a bright and forcibly-painted little picture of a sportsman who has apparently just reached the top of a hill, called "A Greeting"; and a larger work, "A Dying Monarch," representing an aged and tempest-tossed fir-tree, broadly painted and effective, but unnecessarily black in the shadows. By Mr. John Scott there is a quaint and ably-executed, but not very comprehensible, picture of a recumbent lady and four rabbits, called "The Fairy's Messengers"; and by M. H. Fantin a fantastic composition, "Nuit de Printemps," with some good qualities of colour, but greatly inferior to his flower pictures, of which there are some in the collection. A life-size "Study" of a female head in profile by Maurice Greiffenhagen is noteworthy for its fine modelling of form and delicate gradations of colour. In his group of two children, "Needle and Thread," Mr. Arthur Hacker has successfully imitated Mr. Frank Holl's broad and effective style of handling. A larger picture by him, "The Wonder Story," in which an old soldier is seen relating his adventures to a child, displays together with great executive skill, some power of rendering character and expression. Mr. J. R. Reid's fine feeling for colour, and his tendency to over-estimate contrasts of light and dark, are seen in a picture of ladies seated on the bank of a broad river, called "Summer Visitors." In a picture of steam tugs emitting clouds of black smoke, black barges, and big ships, Mr. W. L. Wyllie has again succeeded in conveying a very vivid impression of the aspect of the Thames near London, its murky atmosphere, and its movement. The picture is remarkable as much for its well-balanced light and shade and artistic breadth of treatment as for its fidelity to fact.

After the admirable water-colour picture by him that was exhibited in the same room in the spring of the present year, Mr. Walter Langley's "Cork Cutting" is disappointing. An old fisherman, with no look of intelligence on his commonplace face, is not a subject that requires to be represented on so large a scale. Nor is there much in the treatment of the picture to compensate for its want of human interest. It is painted with the most elaborate care, but with an over-smooth and inexpressive touch, and the colour is harsh throughout, and is in some parts opaque. This, however, arises in some measure from the fact that Mr. Langley has had very much less experience in oil-painting than in water-colours. On the opposite wall hangs a curious example of what we hold to be false and mistaken art by a painter of very great ability called "A Woman of the Fields." The model chosen by Mr. George Clausen is an English agricultural labourer of the lowest type, and he has depicted her with extraordinary realistic power, in no degree modifying her most repulsive characteristics. With a very unsympathetic expression on her ill-favoured face, squalidly attired, and very dirty, she stands leaning her misshapen hands on a stick. The great artistic power that the picture shows scarcely justifies its existence; to represent physical ugliness and degradation when it neither serves to "point a moral," nor aids in the realisation of an incident, is not among the legitimate functions of Art.

Strikingly in contrast with these rather depressing works is a very amusing and apparently faithful picture of life and manners in the early part of the present century called "Ducklings and Green Peas is Off, Sir," by Mr. F. Barnard. The scene is an old-fashioned tavern of the kind now nearly extinct, and the title of the picture is the announcement made by a brusque young waiter to an elderly gentleman, who has evidently come for the purpose of indulging in the promised delicacy. The artist has here approached perilously near, without over-stepping, the line that divides characterisation from caricature. He has obviously a very keen perception of the significance of spontaneous gesture, as well as great command of humorous expression. Nothing could well be more expressive of disappointment and irritation than the face of the guest, or more true to nature than the suddenly arrested movement of his hands while in the act of drawing off his glove. It may appear hypercritical to observe that the bright and blazing fire in the grate is scarcely consistent with the season of green peas. All the other accessories are characteristic, and in perfect keeping with the figures. The prevailing colour of the picture is agreeable, and it is solidly painted, without much insistence on detail, but with sufficient completeness of realisation. In the same room hangs a very masterly half-length portrait by Mr. John Pettie of "Lieutenant-Colonel Lewis Jones." The head is full of individuality, and painted so forcibly and so well that it maintains its supremacy despite the conflicting influence of the scarlet uniform and the glittering orders. It is the best work of the kind that we have seen by the painter.

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBERS

LAST YEAR, when reviewing the Christmas Numbers, we remarked the notable absence of the Christmas story, and to show how complete was its disappearance we compiled an analytical table showing the contents of all the chief Christmas Numbers. The table showed that whatever else the Christmas Numbers might contain they contained not one Christmas story. The same may be said of this year's annuals. Now and then, it is true, some writer shows symptoms of a desire to write up to the sentiment of the season, but speedily curbs himself. Perhaps it is felt that since Dickens no one is equal to doing a real Christmas story. The continued disappearance of the Christmas story is therefore the first thing to note about the Christmas Numbers; the next thing is the absence of any strikingly original performance. The annuals this year contain no such surprise as Mr. Hugh Conway's "Called Back" of last

year. Arrowsmith's *Christmas Annual* is again from Mr. Conway's pen, and the story, "Dark Days," of which, we understand, 190,000 copies have been sold, was noticed in these columns a week or two ago. It is a story which will not lower the author's reputation. But we are now accustomed to Mr. Conway and his realistic supernaturalism; and a public seeking for a new sensation will not find it in the Christmas Numbers. On the other hand there is some good work in the annuals, and some of them are marvels of cheapness.

There are but two important annuals containing stories by single writers, and these are *Grant's Christmas Number*, with a story called "Face to Face," by Mr. R. E. Francillon, and the Christmas Number of *All the Year Round*, with a story called "In Luck at Last," by Mr. Walter Besant. We do not know how long Mr. Francillon has been writing Christmas stories, but we hope he may write many more. His stories are always good: romantic without improbability, real without realism; and with a wholesome leaning towards virtue and strength. It cannot be said that the present story shows as much invention as some of his others, but it is well worth reading. Mr. Besant, too, in his annual seems to justify the saying of the American novelist that all the stories have been told. His tale turns upon a missing heir, who is finally discovered to be a charming young girl with a strong taste for mathematics and heraldry. Her courtship by the young artist to whom she has been giving lessons in heraldry "by correspondence" is pleasantly told, and the whole tale is well conceived, if on not unfamiliar lines.—

The Christmas Number of *Harper's Magazine* is a rich feast. Mr. Dudley Warner's article on "Christmas Past," with illustrations by many artists of old Christmas customs, and Mr. Abbey's delightful illustrations to "She Stoops to Conquer," are perhaps the most noteworthy of the contributions, which include a tale by Hugh Conway, poems by Mr. Andrew Lang, a farce by Mr. W. D. Howells, and a dozen or more other illustrated articles.—In quantity and style the *English Illustrated Magazine* is the only worthy English rival to *Harper's*. The Christmas double number contains eight full-page illustrations (four of them of pictures by Gainsborough) and twelve articles, stories or poems. Mr. Henry James, Mr. W. E. Norris, and Mr. Conway are responsible for the fiction, Mr. Archibald Forbes describes "A Christmastide in the Khyber Pass," and Mr. F. Villiers has an interesting article (with illustrations by himself) on "Our Mission to Abyssinia." Cleverly is described by Mr. F. Pollock, and Mr. Austin Dobson has some characteristic verses.—*Longman's Christmas Number* relies upon fiction. Mr. Bret Harte is not at his best in "Sarah Walker," nor is Mr. Wilkie Collins in "Royal Love." The number is disappointing; nor are the page coloured illustrations good enough to justify the novelty of the idea.—Contrary to custom, Miss Braddon has not this year written *The Mistletoe Bough*. But the short stories of which it consists are much in Miss Braddon's vein. They are mostly tales of love, sometimes unlawful and usually crossed.—*Society* offers collection of short stories and verses with the usual cartoon of celebrities. The best tale is "Strangely True"—a weird story of warning given by a "double."—The Christmas Number of *The World* is called "A Week with the Mahdi," and relates how the extra-special correspondent of the "journal for men and women" went to the Mahdi's camp in a navigable balloon. While there he met a host of London celebrities, whose portraits Mr. Alfred Bryan has produced with great skill and not too much caricature. Of course the extra-special wakes up to find he has been dreaming; but in the dream he has dashed off many satiric descriptions of persons of the day with occasional poems. The whole thing is a pleasant fantastic summary of the world's doings during the year.—The *Art Annual*, the Christmas Number of the *Art Journal*, is devoted to the work of Sir F. Leighton, of whom Mrs. A. Lang writes with discretion. Numerous reproduction of the President's work make up a worthy and interesting volume.—*Life Christmas Annual* is distinguished by its very poor cartoons. Its literature, too, save for two stories by Mr. William Mackay and Mr. Henry Pettitt, is much below the average.—The best thing in *London Society* is "Two Truants," an amusing story by Miss Bertha Thomas. It tells how a young actress and a dean's daughter personate one another, the actress going to a garden party at Lambeth Palace, and the dean's daughter to a theatrical reception. The thing is well kept up to the end, and concludes merrily. Three quaint drawings by Alfred Crowquill are reproduced from old numbers of the magazine.—*Our Work* Christmas annual is an appeal from the Church Extension Association. Earl Nelson tells what work has been done during the year; and the rest of the annual is filled with stories and sketches bearing upon the work of the Association.—Of other religious annuals we may mention those of the *Christian World* and the *Christian Milliton*.—Of comic annuals there are several, and (must it be confessed?) they are somewhat dull reading. *Hood's Comic Annual* is perhaps the best. Mr. Frank Barrett's "Boss Absolutus" is fanciful and clever, and the introduction by Mr. J. F. Sullivan is quaintly done.—*Funny Folks' Annual* has wood-cut on almost every page, and is full of jocosity.—*Diprose's Annual* flies higher, and has stories and poems and articles of all sorts.—*A Shipful of Children*, the Christmas Annual of *Little Folks*, has a number of really excellent illustrations, and there are few better Christmas presents for a child.—The *Gentleman's Annual* has two stories: "By Death Be-leaguered," by Percy Greg, and "Mrs. Vereker's Courier Maid," by Mrs. Alexander.—The *Belgravian Annual* has at least three strong things out of its dozen pieces—"Another Man's Wife," by Mr. F. W. Robinson, "Humphrey Haliburton," by Mr. J. H. McCarthy, M.P., and a fine ballad, "Mary of Egypt," by B. Montgomerie Ranking.—*Wheeling Annual* is, of course, devoted to the interests of cyclists. It has no pictures, but is crammed with stories and poems which give the romance of the pastime.—Among other annuals on our table may be mentioned—*Little Snow Flakes*; *Good Cheer* (the *Good Wom's* Annual); the extra Christmas number of the *Sunday Magazine*, with a story called "The Family Difficulty," by Mrs. Oliphant; *Myra's Journal of Dress and Fashion*, literally bursting with patterns and all sorts of delicious things for ladies; and *Household Words*, with a pleasant set of stories and verses, including a comedietta and a capital tale by Mrs. E. Rentoal Ester.

LONDON MORTALITY further increased last week, and 1,716 deaths were registered against 1,521 during the previous seven days, a rise of 195, but being 81 below the average, and at the rate of 22.3 per 1,000, a higher rate than has prevailed in any week since the beginning of August. The deaths included 30 from small-pox (a fall of 3, but exceeding the average by 13). The number of small-pox patients in the Metropolitan Asylums Hospitals had risen to 884 last Saturday, against 768 the previous week. Measles caused 31 deaths (an increase of 17), scarlet fever 27 (a fall of 9), diphtheria 16 (a decline of 15), whooping-cough 17 (a decrease of 7), typhus 1 (a fall of 1), enteric fever 16 (a decline of 4), ill-defined forms of fever 3, diarrhoea and dysentery 7 (a decrease of 8), and not one from cholera. Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs, which the previous week had been 354, rose last week to 511, and exceeded the average by 6. Different forms of violence caused 53 deaths, 45 were the result of accident or negligence, among which were 19 from fractures and contusions, 6 from burns and scalds, 2 from drowning, and 12 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. Five cases of suicide were registered. There were 2,587 births registered against 2,409 the previous week, being 72 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 36.4 deg., and 4.5 deg. below the average.



WOMEN WILL SHORTLY BE EMPLOYED AS TELEGRAPH OPERATORS in Japan—a startling innovation for the weaker sex in the Far East.

THE MERSEY TUNNEL was cleared of the last portion of rock on Saturday, thus completing the whole excavations. The masonry portion will be finished this week.

SUNDAY THEATRICAL PERFORMANCES are legal in five of the chief Transatlantic cities—San Francisco, Cincinnati, St. Louis, New Orleans, and Chicago. Eleven theatres are open every Sunday night in Chicago.

ITALIAN COOKS AND WAITERS are highly wroth at the way in which they are often ridiculed on the stage. So a congress of cooks and waiters has been held at Turin, where the members drew up a petition to dramatic authors in general not to hold up these useful professions to public derision, and passed an energetic "resolution of protest and blame" against all writers who should disregard their prairies.

RESTORING RED NOSES TO THEIR ORIGINAL HUE is the singular occupation of a Philadelphia "Professor." He puts on leeches first, then galvanises the nose to "restore the elasticity of the arterial and venous fibres," and finally applies a mould of plaster of Paris. In a week the nose has regained its proper size and colour, at the cost of from 12. to 42., according to the difficulty of the operation.

THE "MIGNONETTE" CASE.—Mr. John F. Haskins, M.E., of 114a, Queen Victoria Street, is about to erect in Pear Tree Churchyard, Itchen Ferry, Southampton, a tombstone to the unfortunate victim of this tragedy, Richard Parker. The texts selected are very appropriate:—"Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him" (Job xiii. 16), and, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge" (Acts vii. 60).

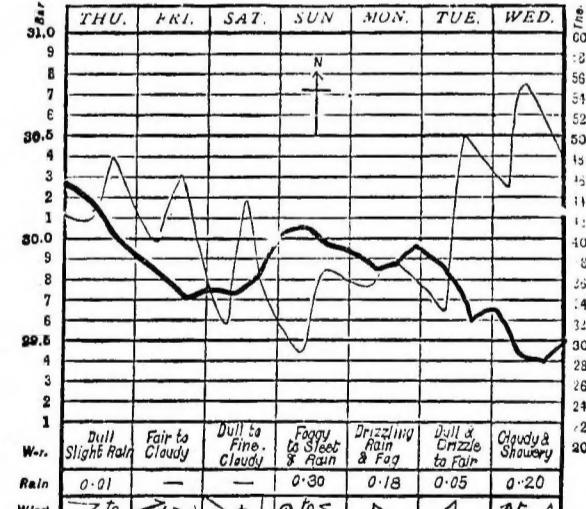
THE ASHBURNHAM MANUSCRIPTS lately bought by Italy have arrived at Florence, where they will be housed in the Laurentian Library. They include nearly the whole of the Libri Collection, comprising copious materials of the history and literature of Medieval Italy, and by their splendid series of Dante MSS. and commentaries will make Florence the richest possessor in the world of codices of the great national poet.

A FINE ART ASSOCIATION has been inaugurated at Cambridge to provide popular Art teaching in various branches, such as drawing, painting, engraving, etching, wood-carving, and even art-needlework. The scheme was first mooted in the spring, but has now been actually floated, commodious studios being opened, where equal opportunities will be given to the artisan and academical student. A loan exhibition is at present being held there, including works by Messrs. Alma Tadema, Herkomer, Watts, Thornycroft, and other artists.

THE HEROINE OF THE HOUR IN PARIS, Madame Clovis Hugues, seems to have a fairly comfortable time of it in her prison of St. Lazare. Here she occupies the cell of her former friend Louise Michel—a small square room with one window and scanty furniture. She is allowed to see her family, to write, to order what food she pleases, and to borrow from the well-stocked prison library. Two sisters of charity wait upon Madame Hugues, who is delighted that they treat her, an avowed Atheist, so kindly, yet make no attempt at conversion. To spare her two little girls, Marianne and Mireille, aged four and seven, the knowledge that their mother is in prison, they were told that she had gone *en loge* to compete for a sculpture prize, like a friend they recently saw, and whose work-room was as bare as a prison cell. So the little ones each took their mother some clay towards her statue, and Madame Hugues will model a small figure to carry out the fraud.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

FROM NOVEMBER 27 TO DECEMBER 3 (INCLUSIVE).



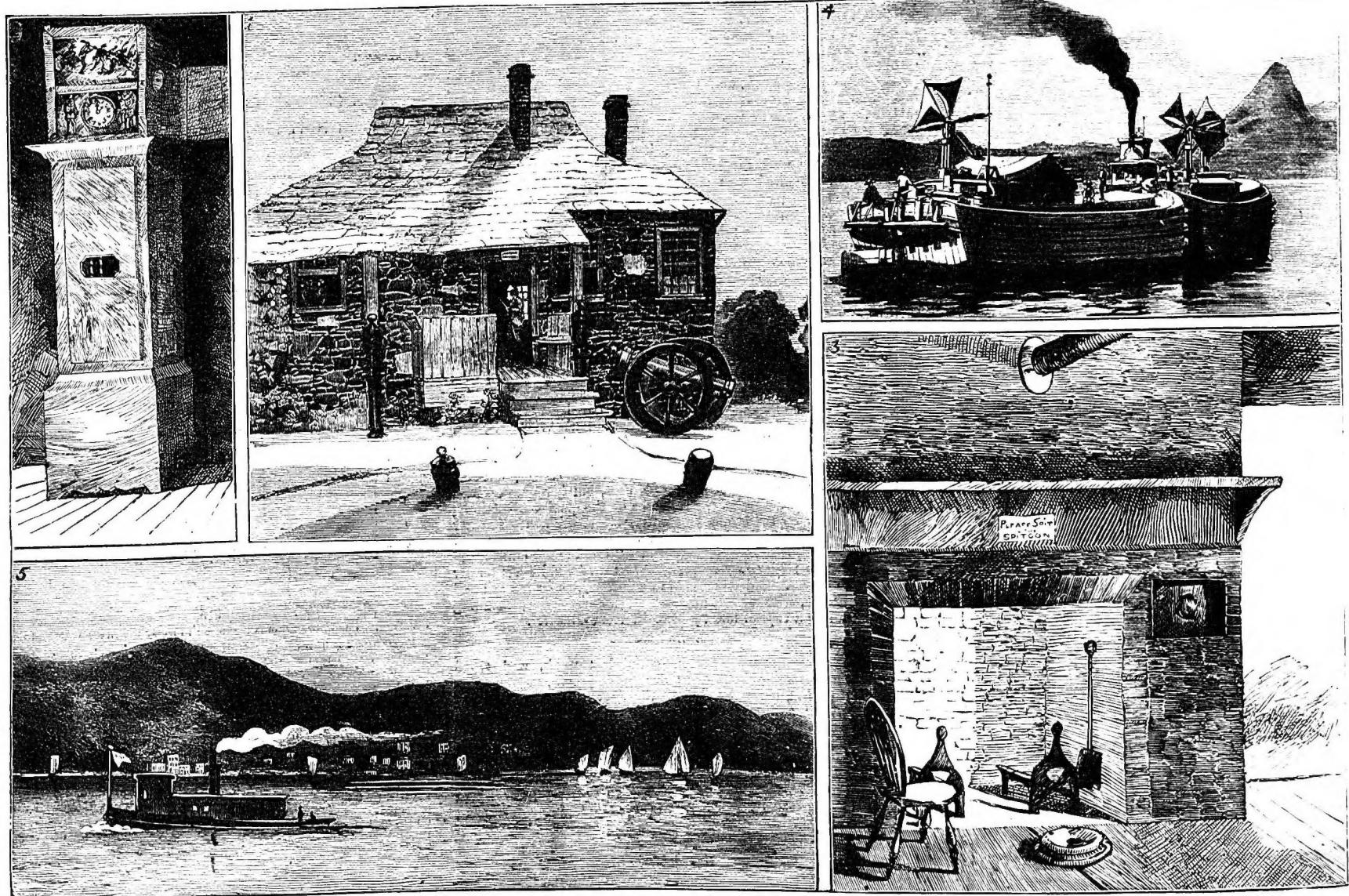
EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather during the past week has been dull and unsettled generally, with rain almost daily at the majority of our stations, and frequent showers of hail, sleet, or snow. At the commencement of the period the weather over our islands was influenced by a well-formed subsidiary disturbance (the main depression being off the north of Norway), which travelled in a south-easterly direction from the north-west of Scotland to the south of Denmark. As it advanced pressure fell very generally, temperature rose, and the wind backed to the westward, and increased in force to a gale in the west and north, where rain fell somewhat freely; elsewhere the weather remained fair. In the rear of this depression pressure recovered generally; temperature fell, and the wind drew into north-west in the west (where it continued to blow strongly for some time), while showers of hail, sleet, or snow fell in many parts of the country. By Saturday morning (29th ult.) a fresh disturbance was found near the Helder, and moderate northerly or north-westerly breezes prevailed generally, with snow on the east coast, but fair weather elsewhere. In the course of Sunday (30th ult.) a shallow depression moved in a south-easterly direction from our north-western coasts to Wales, and more cold rain or snow fell in all parts of the kingdom. The closing days of the week were marked by strong southerly and westerly winds or gales in the west and north, and a general fall of rain, occasioned by the approach to our north-western shores of depressions from the Atlantic. Temperature was decidedly below the average until Monday (1st inst.), after which a great accession of heat was experienced; at Loughborough and in London the increase which took place between Tuesday (2nd inst.) and Wednesday mornings (4th inst.) was as much as 20° (see diagram). It is worthy of mention that the thermometer at Aberdeen during the daytime on Tuesday (2nd inst.) did not exceed 22°. The barometer was highest (30.27 inches) on Tuesday (27th ult.); lowest (29.40 inches) on Wednesday (3rd inst.); range, 0.87 inches. Temperature was highest (55°) on Wednesday (3rd inst.); lowest (29°) on Sunday (30th ult.); range, 26°. Rain fell on five days. Total amount, 0.74 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.39 inches, on Sunday (30th ult.).



1. The Village Idiot and the Marines.—2. A Highland Girl.—3. Marines at Play.—4. Pass Leading to Staffin Bay.—5. One of the Enemy.—6. Interior of a Crofter's Hut.—7. H.M.S. "Assistance," Gunboat, and "Lochiel" in Uig Bay.

THE AGITATION AMONG THE SKYE CROFTERS
FROM SKETCHES BY AN ARTIST WHO IS VISITING THE DISTURBED DISTRICTS



1. Washington's Headquarters at Newburg.—2. Washington's Clock.—3. Kitchen in Washington's Headquarters.—4. A Tow on the River.—5. Piermont, the Scene of the Execution of Major André.



DINNER GIVEN BY THE EMPIRE CLUB TO SIR JOHN ALEXANDER MACDONALD, K.C.B., PRIME MINISTER OF CANADA—A PORTAIT GROUP



THE Expedition in EGYPT is advancing as rapidly as the difficulties of transport and navigation will allow. All the troops, save one Highland battalion, have now reached Wady Halfa, and are being speedily pushed forward to Dongola, while the advance column has already passed the Third Cataract. In order to encourage the troops, and to stimulate their energy, Lord Wolseley has issued a general order acknowledging the difficulties of the Expedition, but urging the importance of rescuing General Gordon and his garrison as rapidly as possible. Lord Wolseley has also offered a reward of 100,000 to the battalion which shall make the quickest passage from Sarras to Debbeh. A messenger from General Gordon has arrived from Dongola, but brings no later news than has already been received. When General Gordon was summoned by the Mahdi to surrender, he answered, "When you, Mahdi, order the Nile to dry up, and walk across with your troops, then I will surrender the town to you, but not before." There is nothing new from Suakin, where desultory fighting is still carried on with Osman Digna's followers, but the Abyssinian frontier seems to be seriously disturbed, the freebooter Debbeh having looted another convent. King John is at Gura, preparing to attack Debbeh. At Cairo the action by the authorities of the Caisse against the Ministers for suspending the Sinking Fund resulted on Tuesday in a summing up of the case entirely against the Government. Judgment is to be given on Tuesday next.

The British proposals for settling the financial difficulties in Egypt are now before the Powers. They differ slightly from the forecast of them recently published, and comprise a loan of 5,000,000/ at 3½ per cent., guaranteed by England, interest to be paid out of the Domain and Daira revenues, a loan of 4,000,000/ at 5 per cent., for the Alexandrian Indemnities, to be issued at 110, the interest on the Unified Debt to be reduced to 3½ per cent. On her side England reduces the interest which she receives on the Suez Canal shares from 5 to 4½ per cent. The annual cost of the military occupation is fixed at 120,000/ a new and homogeneous administration of the Domain, Daira, and railways is proposed, and Egypt is prohibited from borrowing any further sum exceeding 1,000,000/ and even this is subject to the control of England. These proposals, as published in a Havas summary, have been freely discussed in the French Press, which, of course, offer a number of objections, but in a much calmer spirit than would have been exhibited a month or so since. Other countries are extremely reserved in their comments, leaving France the honour of leading the opposition.

IN FRANCE M. Jules Ferry scored a double victory in the Chamber last week, securing large majorities both for his Tonkin Credit and for a practical Vote of Confidence. The Cabinet will now have sufficient funds in hand to carry on the military operations until July next—that is, if the Senate, which is now discussing the credits, do not raise any unforeseen difficulties. M. Ferry, however, has not been so fortunate this week, as the Bill for the Reform of the Senate, which that body has sent down to the Chamber, is being briskly debated, and the Deputies have horrified the Government by adopting an amendment that the Senators should be directly elected by universal suffrage, instead as hitherto by an electoral college. The Cabinet have been busily settling the protective duties on cereals. Wheat henceforward will be taxed 2 fr. 60 c. in place of 60 c. per kilogramme, a duty equivalent to 12 per cent. on the average price. Oats will have to pay 1 f. 50 c. and flour 10 fr. 20 c. Another more pleasant Ministerial announcement is that cholera has disappeared from France. Foreign nations are accordingly requested to repeat their quarantine restrictions.

PARIS has been startled by one of those crimes which always meet with sympathy from our impulsive friends across the Channel—the shooting of a traducer by his victim. The latter is wife of a Radical Deputy, M. Clovis Hugues, and some eighteen months ago was grossly libelled by a private detective named Morin. Madame Hugues prosecuted him, and he was condemned to two years' imprisonment, but has ever since managed, by the law's delays, to put off the execution of the sentence, and, according to Madame Hugues, has continued to vilify her by means of post-cards and anonymous communications. Last week the case was again heard, and again adjourned. On going out into the Hall of the Palais de Justice Madame Hugues fired a revolver at Morin as he passed her, wounding him in three places. The husband rushed up to her and embraced her, exclaiming "My angel! you have revenged our honour;" the lady replying, "He will not libel us any more." Madame Hugues was immediately arrested, together with her husband, the latter, however, being subsequently released. M. Hugues has been overwhelmed with letters of sympathy, and almost the whole Press approves the deed as a right and just act of vengeance. It is not expected for a moment that any jury will find Madame Hugues guilty, but the usual interrogatory examinations are being duly conducted, according to French law. Papers found at Morin's house are said to contain some curious revelations with regard to the proceedings of private detective agencies. One of the strongest defenders of the lady is M. Paul de Cassagnac, who, in a letter headed "The Right to Kill," applauds her for doing her duty in killing the man who sought to dishonour her. "In England," he continues, "and other countries people are protected by the state of public morality. In France, to be able to live unmolested, and to hold up his head, a man must be prepared to kill." Meanwhile the wounded man is lying at the point of death, and suffering terrible agonies.

IN GERMANY the West African Conference has satisfactorily settled the first point in its programme—the establishment of Free Trade throughout the Congo Basin. The extent of the basin was defined as we described last week, but the Free Trade zone is to be extended to the Indian Ocean only if the Powers already established on the East Coast, such as Portugal and Zanzibar, will give their consent. The stipulations are to be in force for twenty years, after which time the Powers will decide upon their continuance. On Monday the Conference appointed a Sub-Committee to consider the Navigation Act, to be applied to both the Congo and Niger. Sir Edward Malet, however, repeated his reservation as to the rights of surveillance over the Niger exercised by England, and so the navigation of the Congo is first to be considered. The chief features of the proposals are that the navigation is to be absolutely free to all nations—whose subjects also shall receive equal treatment, no privileges being accorded to any corporation or private individual. No customs are to be levied except those fixed by the Conference to defray the necessary expenses. The execution of these rules is to be under the care of an International Commission, and it is here that with regard to the Niger England's reservation applies, for while perfectly willing to make the navigation free, she wishes to keep the superintendence in her own hands. As these proposals exist at present, the International Commission would have the control of both rivers, which, by the way, are to be neutralised in the event of any war.

To turn to Germany herself and her politicians, Parliament has been discussing the Budget, and the scheme for subventioning Teutonic steamship lines. Prince Bismarck has made two noteworthy speeches, in one of which he replied to the constant allusions

to England and her rule which his adversaries are ever making. He defined the British *régime* as an "Aristocratic Republic which has an hereditary President who is King or Queen; but the whole British Constitution does not accord with the German definition of Monarchy. I distinguish between a Monarchy and a Republic when a King would be forced by Parliament to do something which he would not do voluntarily." Thus a Monarchical Constitution implies that the King cannot be forced to sign laws which he considers pernicious, but "when he can be forced to do so by a Parliamentary majority, then the Constitution is Republican, whether a President is elected or not." Prince Bismarck suffered a severe defeat on Wednesday, when, despite his opposition, a motion proposed by Dr. Windthorst was carried repealing the law empowering the Government to expel or intern priests for exercising ecclesiastical functions.

IN INDIA Lord Ripon received an enthusiastic welcome from the natives of Calcutta on Tuesday on his farewell visit to that city, while the natives of Bombay, not to be behindhand, have held a monster meeting to prepare an address to the departing Viceroy, and to found a Ripon Memorial in the form of an industrial institution. The chief Indian news, however, relates to Thibet, whence the Hon. Colman Macaulay has returned from a mission to the authorities of Phari, a district adjoining the Jeylep Pass. Mr. Macaulay was very cordially received, and comes back with the most rose-coloured views as to the field Thibet offers for British commerce. It appears that cloth, hardware, knives, tobacco, indigo, and tea are in great demand at barely a hundred miles distance from the railway terminus at Darjeeling, there being also every prospect of a brisk return trade of gold, musk, live stock, and above all wool and woollen goods. At present all the trade passes through Nepaul, where heavy duties are imposed, but by adopting the direct Kongralama route, not only these duties, but about half the time would be saved.

IN THE UNITED STATES President Arthur has sent his annual Message to Congress. Its chief features are the announcements of the purchase of the Chinese trading steam fleet by the United States, and of the conclusion of a Treaty with Nicaragua for the construction of a trans-isthmian canal, railway and telegraph line. President Arthur recommends that Commissioners should be appointed for the Exhibition to be held in London in May, and advocates a revision of the law with regard to collisions at sea and of international copyright. The most important recommendation, however, affects those Irish Americans, who are ever plotting against England—namely, that the scope of the Neutrality Laws should be enlarged so as to cover all patent acts of hostility committed in America aimed against friendly Powers. The Message states that modern ingenuity supplies the means to organise hostilities without open resort to armed vessels of filibusters, but that there is no reason why overt preparations in America for the commission of criminal acts should not be alike punishable, whether intended to be committed in America or in a foreign country with which the United States is at peace. The prompt and thorough treatment of this question intimately concerns the national honour. President Arthur also urges the restoration of the Navy, the appointment of a commission to consider the shipping trade, and the suppression of polygamy. The Report of the Secretary of the Treasury has also been issued, and advises the suspension of silver coinage, which is creating a glut of silver and driving gold out of the money market. Mr. McCulloch also dwells upon the necessity for stimulating the shipping trade, and suggests that the tariff on raw materials should be revised, and that all internal taxes, save those on whisky, should be abolished.

OF MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS the recent cholera epidemic in ITALY has induced the Government to spend 4,000,000/ in sanitary reform in Naples.—IN SPAIN the cholera still lingers, and so apparently does the ill-feeling between the Madrid students and the Cabinet, though order has not again been disturbed.—IN CHINA the Marquis Tseng has been appointed Vice-President of the War Department. It is believed that China is prepared for war to the death.—IN SOUTH AFRICA the Goshen freebooters have accepted the conditions of the Cape Ministers. Bechuanaland will be annexed to Cape Colony. The Boers will also evacuate Montsia's territory. The Transvaal Convention is to be carried out, and the rights secured under the British Protectorate will be respected. The text of the terms of the arrangement have been wired to Earl Derby, and now awaits the sanction of the British Cabinet.



THE Queen held a Council at Windsor Castle on Saturday, when Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, the new Chief Secretary for Ireland, was sworn in a Member. Her Majesty subsequently received the Japanese and Servian Ministers, knighted Professor Henry Roscoe, and gave audiences to Lords Granville and Carlingford. Princess Beatrice spent the day in town, returning in the evening to the Castle, where the Duchess of Edinburgh arrived on a visit. Next morning the Queen attended Divine Service in the private chapel, where the Bishop of Peterborough preached. On Monday morning the Duchess of Edinburgh left with her children. Later Her Majesty with Prince and Princess Christian and Princess Beatrice went to St. George's Chapel, where after a short special service the Queen unveiled the memorial statue of the late Dean of Windsor. The Duke and Duchess of Westminster, Lord Granville, Earl and Countess Sydney, and the Russian Ambassador dined with Her Majesty on Tuesday night. On Thursday the Queen and Princess Beatrice went to Claremont to witness the formal christening of the infant Duke of Albany, other members of the Royal Family also being present at the ceremony.—There is some prospect of the Queen spending Christmas at Windsor instead of at Osborne.

The Prince and Princess of Wales were joined at Sandringham by their two sons on Saturday to keep the Princess's birthday. On Sunday the Prince and Princess and their family attended Divine Service at St. Mary Magdalene's, where the Rev. E. Newenham preached. Monday being the Princess's fortieth birthday, the usual honours of salutes and bell-ringing were paid in London, Windsor, and all round Sandringham. At Sandringham House the annual tea was given to the women and children of the neighbouring parishes, the Prince and Princess and their family visiting their guests during the meal. Next morning the young Princes left to resume their studies at Cambridge and Greenwich, and later the Prince of Wales came up to town, where he attended a meeting of the Royal Commission on the Housing of the Working Classes. Afterwards he went to the House of Lords, and in the evening to the French Plays.—Great festivities will take place at Sandringham when Prince Albert Victor comes of age on January 8th. The Prince will then leave Cambridge, and enter as a student of the Middle Temple.

The Duke of Edinburgh returned to England on Monday from his cruise with the Channel Squadron. On Tuesday he struck his flag after a year's command, and next day came up to town. He succeeds Lord John Hay in the command of the Mediterranean Fleet next January.



CRYSTAL PALACE.—The novelty last Saturday was the *La Dégustation des Vins*, from M. Rubinstein's ballet, *Le Grape*. It consists of a series of dances representing the wines of Italy, Hungary, Spain, and Champagne, and intending to illustrate some of the national characteristics of the music of each country. Herr Fritz Blumer, a new comer, played M. Saint-Saëns' pianoforte concerto in G minor; which, however, afforded no fair test of the abilities of a pianist. The symphony was the ever-welcome *Rhein* of Schumann.

POPULAR CONCERTS.—A highly interesting programme on Saturday included the first of the *Razumovsky* quartets; *Les Papillons*, an early work of Schumann, already well-known to pianists, but not before performed at the Popular Concerts; Mr. A. C. Mackenzie's piano quartet in E flat, which had been before heard at these concerts. The *Scherzo* and the very *Scottish Andante* and variations were the best appreciated numbers of a fine work. Mr. Hallé was the pianist. On Monday Miss Agnes Zimmermann played in Brahms' piano quartet in G minor.

CONCERTS (VARIOUS).—The festival of St. Andrew was celebrated at St. James's Hall by a Scottish concert in which the Glasgow Select Choir, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Lloyd, and Mrs. Patey took part; at Covent Garden by a concert, supported by Mesdames Nilsson and Trebelli, Messrs. Maas and Foltz, and the Albert Hall by a party headed by Madame Valleria and Mr. Sims Reeves.—Herr Otto Goldschmidt last week conducted a performance of *Messiah*, in aid of the Royal Society of Musicians, and an excellent pianist Mdlle. Kleeburg gave a recital on Wednesday. The chief item of the programme was the "Waldstein" sonata. On Saturday a clever string quartet, by Miss Rosalind Elton, a daughter of the Bishop of Gloucester, was produced at St. James's Hall. Sir George Macfarren's seldom-heard quintet in G minor was also performed.—Concerts, of which no further notice is possible, have also been given by the London Orchestral Society, Mr. J. Greebe, Miss Amy Beresford, Miss Chapuy, Miss Emily Tate, Miss Amy Stewart, the Highbury Philharmonic Society, Mr. Lloyd's *Hero and Leander*, Mr. Tobias Matthay, Miss E. Worth, Blackheath Conservatoire, the New Club Austrian Band, and others.

NOTES AND NEWS.—It is reported in the German papers that the Russian millionaire, the late Baron Stieglitz, has bequeathed his pianist, Madame Sofie Menter, a fortune of six millions of rubles, or nearly a million pounds sterling.—Sir Julius Benedict last Friday attained the age of eighty.—MM. Ritt and Gaillard have accepted the post of directors of the Paris Opéra.—The health of Mr. Joseph Bennett has so greatly improved, that he may be expected back earlier in the New Year than was at first thought likely.—The dancer, Fanny Elssler, died at Vienna last week. She made her *début* sixty-seven years ago, and retired from the stage in 1851.—A report which has been current that the *Musical World*, the oldest musical paper in England, would on entering its fifth year next March cease to exist, is, we are authorised to state, entirely without foundation.—On Thursday Dr. Bridge's *Hymn to the Creator* (a setting of the poem by St. Francis of Assisi, produced at the Worcester Festival, and then commented on), was performed at St. Margaret's, Westminster, for the first time in London. Mr. Barton McGuckin was on Tuesday night taken suddenly ill at *Coigee* during a performance of *Il Trovatore*. Amid some excitement Mr. Wilson volunteered to sing the rest of the part of Manrico.



MR. YARDLEY'S *Very Little Hamlet* at the GAIETY, though picturesque, and diversified as it is, belongs rather to the old-fashioned class of parodies, of which Poole's travesty of this way of play is an excellent example, than to any more modern portion of burlesque. The prologue, which is a satirical presentment of the little autobiographical anecdote recently told by Mr. Wilson Barrett, was very droll, Miss Farren's idealised street boy and Mr. Shine's moody discontented tragedian *incompris* being equally amusing. The subsequent parodies upon detached passages in the play, however, were too long, and hardly sufficiently pointed, and the final transformation of the play scene into a skit upon the wreck incident in *The World at DRURY LANE* seemed without any motive. The refinement of Mr. Yardley's humour may be judged from the lines:—

I hate the sulky maulanders of this youth,

I want a gin and soda, that's the truth.

As a specimen of his wit we may cite the following allusion to Claudius's crime:—

Orchard? He ought to have lived *apple-y* there
Oh, mon père.

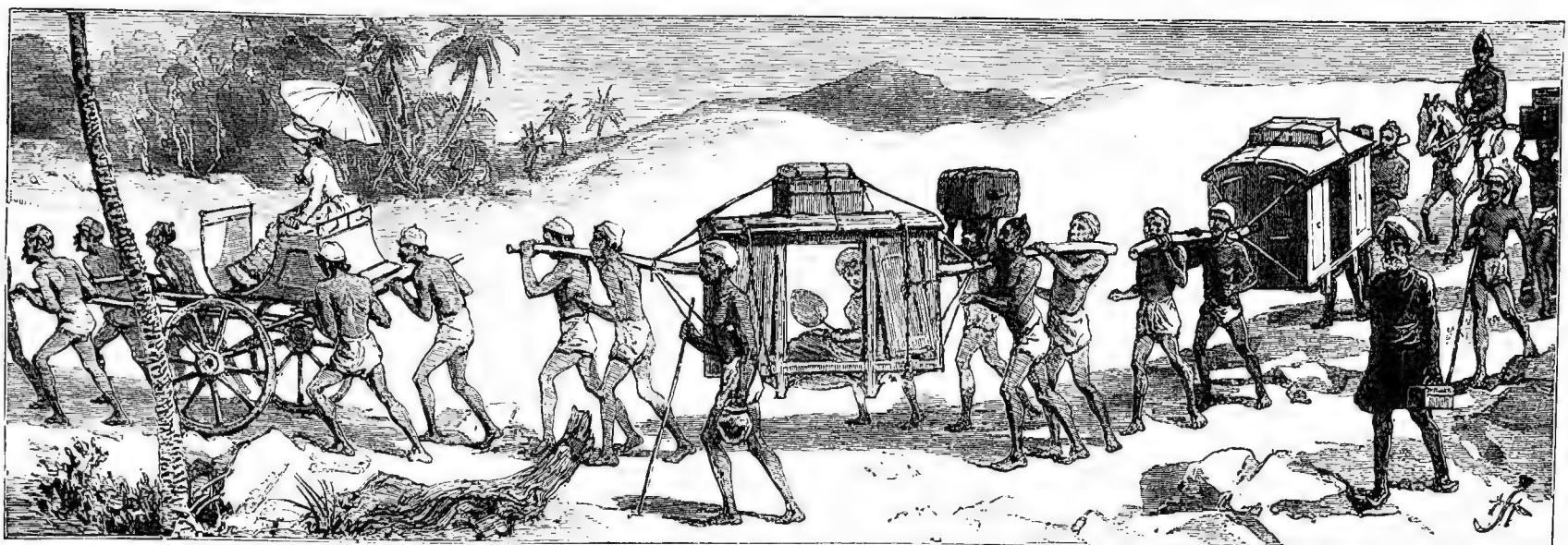
Miss Phyllis Broughton's Ophelia was a decided success, not because of any clever parody of Miss Eastlake, but on account of its own graceful extravagances. Mr. Royce as the King, Mr. Shine as the Ghost, Miss Clara Jecks as Horatio, Miss Leinster as the Queen, and Mr. Dallas as Polonius, may be said, like the prisoners in Chillon dungeon, to have all and each done well in their degree.

Mr. Comyns Carr's little skit, *A Fireside Hamlet*, at the PRINCE'S Theatre, is hardly in the same category. It is not a travesty of Shakespeare, but a picture of stage-struck mania in the Sylvester Daggerwood vein. Mr. Beerbohm Tree's journeyman baker, who has been to the Princess's, and who is largely infected with Shakespearian dialogue, is a ludicrous conception, which amuses for a while, but becomes a little tiresome some time before the curtain falls even on this slender sketch. The little piece is a mere *lever de rideau*, the drama of *Called Back* being still the great attraction at this house.

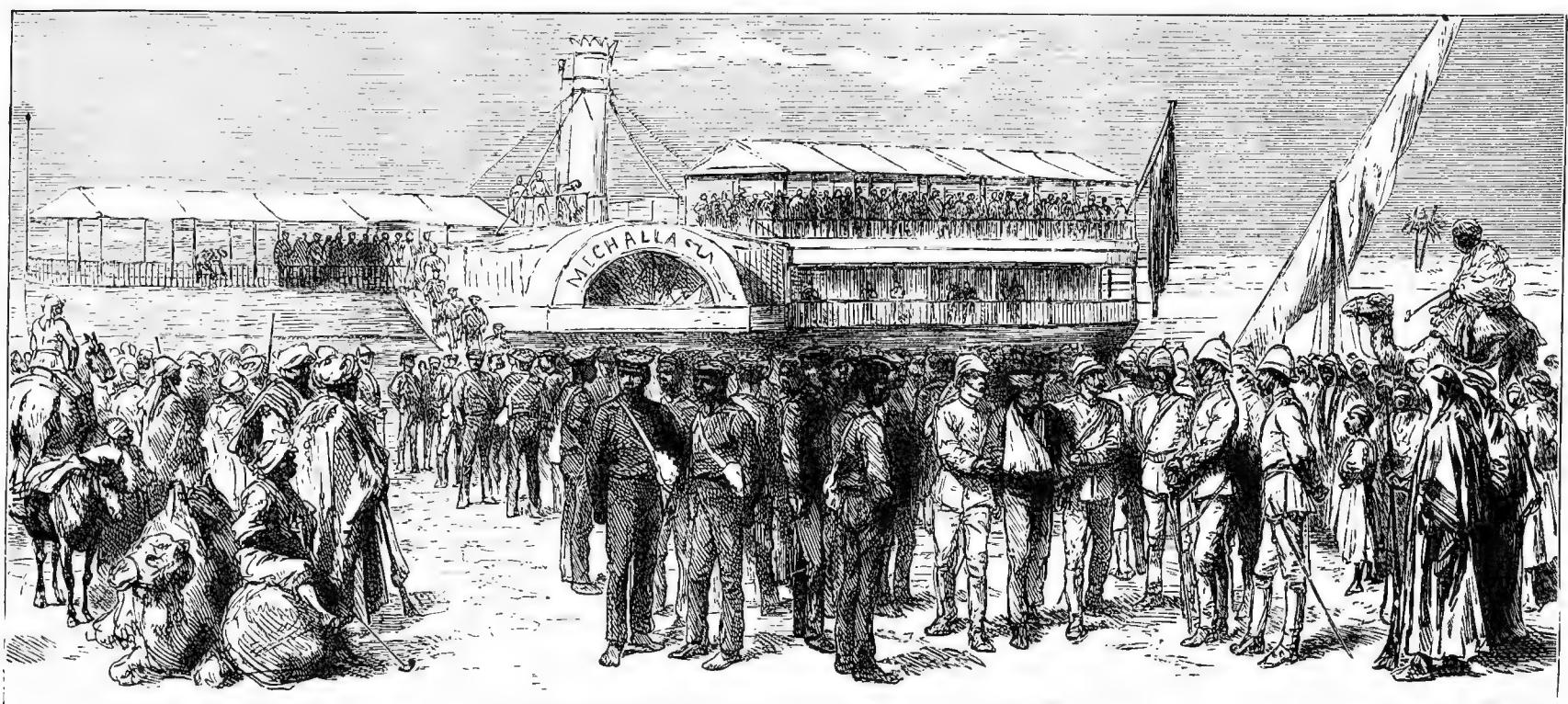
Some curiosity is felt among those who concern themselves with the contemporary drama to know who are the "distinguished English Shakespearian actors" referred to in Lord Lytton's remarkable article on Miss Anderson in the December number of the *Nineteenth Century* as having filled the writer "with uncomfortable sensations of blank, bewildering, inarticulate, stupid dismay." They are described as having "cordially invited" him to attend their performances, and would, therefore, appear to be managers as well as actors. As Lord Lytton is well known to be a personal friend and admirer of Mr. Irving, and is always a conspicuous and an eloquent guest at Lyceum suppers, it appears clear at least that no reflection on that gentleman is intended; neither does it seem probable, under these circumstances, that the essayist would be disposed to attack any conspicuous rival of Mr. Irving in such

BY THE BORDERS OF THE DESERT. *Frederick Goodall, R.A.*ONLY A SHOWER. *C. Burton Barber, M.*WAITING. *W. Henry Gore.*WAITING. *C. Green, R.I., M.*CONNEMARA MARKET FOLK. *William Small, R.I., M.*

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KROOMEN IN THE BAZAAR AT WADY HALFA

Association Cup contest, Hanover United has beaten Old Foresters (one short); and Chirk Wrexham Olympic.—Associationwise, at the Oval, London and Sheffield have played a drawn game; but "the Blades" have beaten Berks and Bucks combined at Maidenhead; and the match between Nottingham Forest and Walsall Swifts was a draw.—Rugbywise, Oxford has beaten Richmond (Surrey), but had to make a draw with Manchester, which has been defeated by Cambridge.—At Eton the time-honoured match "at the Wall," Colleagues v. Oppidans, on St. Andrew's day, ended in favour of the Oppidans; and "in the field" Oxford beat Cambridge Old Etonians.—In our football mems. of last week we should have stated that Bradford and Oxford played a drawn game, which many considered in favour of Oxford.

AQUATICS.—At Oxford and Cambridge the Trial Eights have had rather rough weather for their practice lately, but all has been going on well, and few changes made in the crews. The Cambridge men have moved to Ely, and their race will probably be rowed on Saturday.—On Wednesday afternoon the two well-known professional scullers, D. Godwin and C. Brightwell, rowed a match over the Thames Championship Course. The contest was well sustained up to Hammersmith Bridge, after which Godwin had matters pretty well his own way, and won very easily by three lengths.

BILLIARDS.—The present season bids fair to be a most remarkable one as regards the game of billiards. The spot hazard appears to have had its day, and the all-round game, and the delicate manipulation of cannons and losing hazards, is evidently more to the public taste than interminable runs at the spot. Last week John Roberts, jun., twice beat the record spot-barred break—viz., 309 by Cook, compiling 327 and 322 points without the aid of the spot stroke, a feat which a few years ago would have been considered extraordinary, even with the aid of the spot stroke.

LACROSSE.—The winter-playing clubs continue very active. Owens College has beaten West Manchester, Heaton (Bolton), and Rock Ferry; Sale and Ashton have beaten Widnes; and at Blackheath Cambridge has been defeated by London by four goals to two.—The increasing popularity of the game, especially in the South of England, is leading to the formation of several county clubs.

COURSING.—The frost and snow has in one or two instances interfered with public coursing, but many meetings have been brought off since our last memoanda. At High Gosforth Park Mr. H. Emmerson's nomination, British Queen, and Mr. W. Wilkinson's nomination, Alec Burn, divided the Seaton Burn Stakes for Puppies; and at Kempton Park, where as usual everything was well managed, Mr. W. Reilly's nomination, View Halloa, and Mr. E. M. Cross's Clamor divided the Cardinal Wolsey Stakes for Sixty-four Puppies.

ATHLETICS.—The Aquarium authorities are to be congratulated on the complete success of the Six Days' (twelve hours) Go-As-You-Please Tournament which concluded late on Saturday night last. Rowell and Littlewood kept together ahead of the others for the first three days, but when the former had to retire in consequence of a more than serious blister on his foot, it was merely a matter of non-breaking down for Littlewood to secure victory. He has now won the Astley Belt three times, and consequently it becomes his own property.



In the *Fortnightly* for this month there is a thoughtful and ably-written article on "Mr. Chamberlain." The personality of the President of the Board of Trade is certainly the subject of popular curiosity, and what the review writer has to say will be sure of considerable attention. "One is repeatedly told," he remarks, "that Mr. Chamberlain is wanting in that gift of imagination which Lord Beaconsfield declared to be even more indispensable than reason to the rulers of men. This deficiency is not inconsistent with a keen eye to popular effect. Lord John Russell's immortal phrase, 'Rest and be thankful,' is the formula of Whiggism, of Moderate Liberalism, of arm-chair politicians for all time. The Radicalism of Mr. Chamberlain is the exact antithesis to this.

With him, and men who think like him, there can be no rest, while, as for gratitude, it must be a lively sense of results yet to be gained rather than the complacent contemplation of those which have been effected already. This one may be told is an ill-regulated and unsettled condition of mind. It is certainly not the humour of a cheery and indolent optimism. But how does it strike the masses? It is an instinct with human nature to look forward rather than to look back. Mr. Chamberlain is always, so far as can be the case with an eminently practical and officially responsible politician, bidding the crowd he addresses to fix their eyes on the prospect rather than on the retrospect."—There is also a very interesting article in this review by the editor, Mr. Escott, "Men of Letters on Themselves," in which he treats of Mr. Yates, Mr. Paya, and Mr. Gallenga.

Very valuable at the present time is the paper by Mr. John Douglas (late Prime Minister of Queensland), in the *Nineteenth Century*, on "Imperial Federation from an Australian Point of View." If we do not altogether agree with Mr. Douglas, what is contained in the following quotation is for Englishmen pleasant reading: "When we Colonists read in some of your newspapers of a decrepit and a worn-out England, we sometimes fancy that we know more of England than England knows of herself; at any rate, we believe in that universal reserve of power and resource which Disraeli sometimes used to speak of. Nor can it be believed that America, the United States of America, could or would remain indifferent to a combination of European Powers against the British nation. Blood, after all, is thicker than water. We row in the same boat. It is scarcely possible to conceive that America, bound as she now is by so many ties of interest and of intercourse to the mother country, would willingly submit to the humiliation of Great Britain by the despotic Powers of Europe. Her cause is still the cause of Freedom."

There is not much that calls for remark in the *National*. The opening article, "The Adjustment of the Quarrel," is just a little too triumphant and bellicose in tone to be appreciated now, when most Englishmen are glad that an unfortunate quarrel has ended, we may hope, in a satisfactory settlement, honourable to both the contracting parties. In much better taste, and in its way excellent, is the sonnet, by Mr. J. H. Rolph, on Henry Fawcett, "In Memoriam."

The feature in this month's *Macmillan* are the verses on "Freedom," by Lord Tennyson. It is dangerous to criticise the Poet Laureate. He is altogether so very admirable; but— we scarcely think this poem is of his best. Here, at all events, is the concluding and most intelligible verse:

Men loud against all forms of power—
Unfurnished brows, tempestuous tongues—
Expecting all things in an hour—
Brass-mouths, and iron lungs.

In *Temple Bar*, besides the usual fiction, there is a sharply-penned essay on "The House of Lords." This about Mr. Gladstone is noticeable: "In that kind of firmness which consists in bringing down the foot with a stamp when a little finger would do, Mr. Gladstone abounds. He drives his party—but how? There are two sorts of coachmanship. To keep a restive team well in hand without tugging at the reins or using the whip is the statesman's, the born ruler's way of driving. Palmerston and Disraeli excelled in it. To keep a team in perpetual fret, fright, and fume, to weigh upon the bit, to get the reins in a tangle, to lash without mercy, to shout, to urge the coach onwards anyhow—plunging into ruts, crashing against kerbstones, and rolling now and then into ditches, without caring a penny for the screams and remonstrances of passengers—this also is driving after a fashion; and it has been Mr. Gladstone's way."

All the Year Round, in addition to its usual fictional fare, gives us "The Climbs of the English Lake District." The writer, who is manifestly fond of his subject, has taste and judgment; but it is indeed sad to read aent classic English ground, "Round Ambleside you will indeed find hills and waterfalls, but the waterfalls are decked with greasy sandwich papers and porter bottles, and the hills echo the steam whistles of the Windermere steamers, bringing crowds of thirsty 'trippers' from the Staffordshire potties. Brass bands play under your hotel windows; char-a-bancs, wagonettes, and breaks of all colours rattle about

with cargoes of tourists who have been doing some favourite 'round'; toots pester you in the streets; and in the hotel coffee-room you overhear a gentleman ask angrily, 'Why don't they build a 'ut on 'Elleven?' They 'ave one on Snowdon,'"

In the *Contemporary* the short paper, by Mr. H. N. Baker, on "The Federation Movement in Australia" is, perhaps, at the present time the most interesting. The writer tells us how our kinsfolk in the Southern Seas feel towards the mother country. At a meeting of "The Australian Natives' Association," held not so long ago at Ballarat, "it was apparent," he observes, "that so far from 'British statesmen wanting to press federation on Australia,' and 'England grasping territory at the Antipodes,' Australians considered it their duty to urge the matter on the Home Government; and young men who will be the fathers of the next generation, as well as older colonists, who found the country a wilderness, and will leave to their successors, studded with handsome towns, roads, and railways, a land of absolute freedom, unbounded wealth, and high civilisation, were also unanimous in desiring to establish this Australasian Dominion, and to bind it in closest political union with Great Britain."

An addition to the ranks of the magazines this month is *Books*. It appeals "to those who are interested in the by-ways of literature, to the seeker after that which is quaint and curious; to book-lovers, book-buyers, and booksellers, and to all those who delight in perusing over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore." The first number promises well for the success of the venture.

Sunday Talk is cheap and well done at its price—threepence. It is not only a religious magazine, but conceived in a broad and liberal tone. The article of most general interest, perhaps, is a carefully-considered biographical sketch of that admirable and ever-ready friend of the farm labourers, "The Rev. Charles William Studd."

Especially noticeable in view of recent controversy is "The British House of Lords," by George Ticknor Curtis, in the *American Review*. He writes as an outsider, and his impartiality acquires an additional worth from his evident acumen. Of his style the following quotation is a fair specimen: "It strikes an impartial foreigner as something amazingly inconsistent with the acknowledged principles of the British Constitution, and with the theory of all other free governments possessing a dual Legislature, to see the House of Lords threatened with abolition of their functions by the State because they do not concur in a measure promoted by the Ministry of the day, and sent up to them from the House of Commons. If the House of Lords, with its immemorial rights and powers, as ancient at least as the rights and powers of the Commons, and resting upon the same basis of prescription, exists for any useful purpose, it is as a check on legislation, in order to secure the benefits of wise consideration by an order of men who do not hold their seats by the same tenure as the members of the Lower House hold theirs."

Merry England is well put together this month. John Oldcastle on "Penny Dinners" is not dull in his treatment of this subject, and his article is prefaced by an excellent portrait of Lady Colin Campbell, who has done some good work in the slums by providing cheap and wholesome food for the poor. "Popularity," a thoughtful paper by Cardinal Manning, will repay perusal. We may also draw attention to a simply-worded and pretty song by Mr. R. D. Blackmore.

The etchings and engravings in the *Art Journal*, this month, are of unusual excellence. Moreover, we note with pleasure that the price of the magazine will in January be reduced to 1s. 6d. The frontispiece etching, "The Monastery Cellar," by Carl Vaditz, after Edward Grützner, is exquisitely humorous. The letter-press possesses its wonted artistic interest.

The frontispiece in the *Magazine of Art* is a highly-finished and beautiful engraving, by Lacour, from Mr. Frank Dicksee's new illustrations to *Romeo and Juliet*, "Farewell; One Kiss, and I'll Descend."—Another charming feature in this number is "Poems and Pictures; 'It is the Season,'" by Alice Havers and Louis Stevenson. The verse is very pretty, and so are the illustrations.

Neither the frontispiece etching nor the other illustrations in the *Portfolio* are as striking and attractive as those given by the two preceding magazines; but we can cordially recommend a well-written and well-illustrated paper on "Essex Street, Strand." The *Portfolio* programme for 1885 is promising.

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An entirely new invention in pocket knives, which is acknowledged to be the greatest perfection ever attained. It contains three blades, and by the principle upon which it is constructed it requires no springs, so that the blades can be opened and closed with perfect ease and safety. When in use the blade is perfectly clean and cannot close or move in any way; when closed the blades are entirely out of view, and protected from rust or rust by heavily-plated metal coverings. It is well made, of the finest steel, highly polished, and evenly finished, neat in appearance, and has no sharp corners or projections. In ivory or shell handles, 1s. 6d. for 4s. 8d., or two for 6s. 6d.

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BROOCHES.

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18-C. HEAVY ROLLED GOLD SOLID RINGS.

Make BEAUTIFUL and VALUABLE gifts to a Lady, Gentleman, or Child; and in order to secure new Customers for goods of our manufacture, we will forward POST-PATENT to any address in the United Kingdom, one of our HEAVY 18-c. ROLLED GOLD RINGS, with the word "MIZPAH" beautifully etched on the outside BAND, on receipt of THREE SHILLINGS, or 37 Stamps, and if you desire, we will engrave any INITIAL, NAME, MOTTO, or SENTIMENT, on the inside of the Ring, WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE, providing you CUT OUT this advertisement and send to us with amount, within sixty days of the date of this Journal. Mizpah is a Hebrew word signifying "The Lord watch between me and thee when we are absent one from another." At the same time we send your Ring we will post you a bundle of our Catalogues, and feel sure you will be so highly pleased with the Ring, that it will give such entire satisfaction, that you will oblige us by distributing Catalogues sent you among your friends, and at the same time showing them the BEAUTIFUL RING you have received from us. You can in this way assist us in selling other Jewellery of STANDARD QUALITY, which we manufacture from new and original designs, and GUARANTEE TO GIVE SATISFACTION.

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FOR VOCALISTS AND PUBLIC SPEAKERS.

500 Press Opinions, write for Copies.

"ILLUSTRATED LONDON" NEWS, September 27, 1884, says:—"The Ammoniaphone is an ingenious instrument, invented by Dr. Carter Moffat, for artificial voice cultivation. By close observation, and careful analysis of the purest air of Italy, Dr. Moffat has succeeded in obtaining a chemical combination of the constituents thereof, many years having been bestowed by him in the realisation of his purpose."

"TRUTH," November 24, 1884.—"It was, I confess, with profound scepticism that I placed the little mouthpiece to my lips, and drew a deep breath. It was not unpleasant, and I persevered, alternating each pull with a good gasp of common air to follow. I had previously been asked to say a sentence or two in my natural voice, and after two or three pulls at the Ammoniaphone I was requested to repeat the same words without using any extra exertion. I was really startled at the involuntary loudness of my own voice, and a friend who accompanied me, and who was a greater sceptic than myself, fairly burst out laughing at the result."

"THE ROCK," September 19, 1884, says:—"A considerable amount of interest has been excited by Dr. Carter Moffat's newly-invented instrument, the Ammoniaphone, which seems likely to prove of great value to clergymen and public speakers generally."

"THE PALL MALL GAZETTE" says:—"In the course of a lengthy article, July 28th, 1884,—"One of our sceptical representatives was compelled to admit that he could register three notes more, after using the Ammoniaphone once, than he could do before."

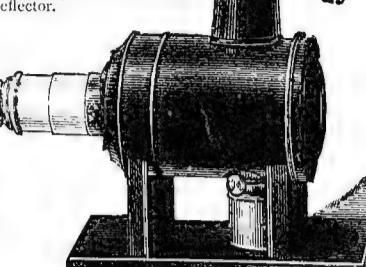
DR. CARTER MOFFAT'S AMMONIAPHONE (Harness's Patent) will be sent free to any part of the United Kingdom on receipt of P.O.O. or Cheque (crossed London and County Bank) for 21s. payable to

C. B. Harness, THE MEDICAL BATTERY CO., 205, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

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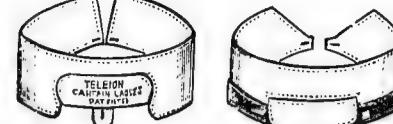
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An entirely new shape. The whole power and diffused rays of light are combined, concentrated, and focussed in our cone-shaped reflector in such a way as to immensely intensify the brilliant light, and transfer every ray to the main reflector.



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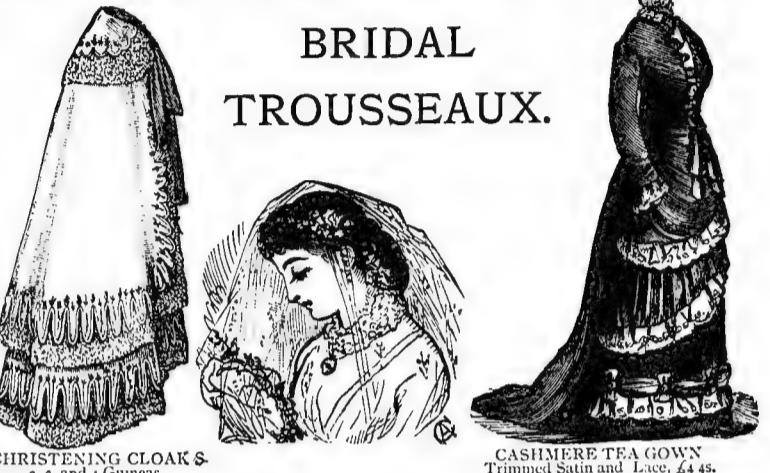
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BREECH-LOADING. KILLS AT FORTY YARDS. THE "CHAMPION" is a self-extracting breech-loader, and its shooting qualities are not surpassed by any now in the market. It will kill rabbits, birds, &c., at 40 yards, and is useful as a Saloon or Sporting Gun. For simplicity of construction, beauty of workmanship, balance, and accuracy, it cannot be excelled, as it has a fine steel barrel, polished and engraved stock, and its mountings and working parts are case-hardened and blued. It is also provided with an automatic extractor, which enables the operator to load and fire with great rapidity. If you want a gun do not let this opportunity pass. We will send it, carriage paid, to any address, on receipt of P.O.O. for 30s. Patent Air Guns, best make, price 35s. each. British Bulldog 5-chambered double action pin extracting Revolver, heavily plated, price 21s. P.O.O. payable Gray's Inn Road.

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BRIDAL

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CHRISTENING CLOAKS.

2, 3, and 4 Guineas.

CASHMERE TEA GOWN	
Trimmed Satin and Lace.	24 4s.
S. d.	s. d.
8 6	2 11 0
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15 6	4 13 0
16 6	2 9 0
27 6	2 15 0
18 6	3 15 0
10 6	2 6 0
15 6	2 6 0
5 6	1 13 0
51 6	4 14 6
21 0	2 2 0
42 0	2 2 0
44 0	2 2 0
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15 6	2 2 0
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(OPPOSITE ST. JAMES'S CHURCH, LONDON).



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The Ammoniaphone is invaluable in all PULMONARY AFFECTIONS. It is a tube about 25 inches long constructed of a specially prepared non-corrosive metal, with handles, ebony polished, having patent spring valves. It is charged with a chemical compound, combined so as to resemble in effect that which is produced by the SOFT BALMY AIR of the Italian Peninsula when inhaled into the lungs, hence the term—ARTIFICIAL ITALIAN AIR.

FOR THE CURE OF ALL PULMONARY AFFECTIONS.

500 Testimonials, write for Copies.

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I have carefully tested the contents of your Ammoniaphone, and have found it to contain just those ingredients which you have discovered to be present in the air of Italy. The Ammoniaphone is an excellent inhaler, superior to any other that has come under my notice. I am of opinion that it will be of great value in the treatment of throat and chest affections, and in a variable climate like ours your clever invention will be a desirable remedy to have at hand. Several of my patients have spoken favourably of the Ammoniaphone, and I can fully confirm your Italian air theory."

THE Very Rev. Dr. VAUGHAN, Dean of Llandaff, writes—

"Nov. 5, 1884. My voice has now nearly recovered its tone, and I have certainly derived benefit, though not suddenly or rapidly, from the use of the AMMONIAPHONE."

MADAME MARIE ROZE writes—

"Hawthorn Lodge, Finchley New Road, Oct. 25, 1884.

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O RIPPLING TIDE. Mrs. MONCRIEFF. M. Y. MOFFATT, 3, Barnsbury Street, London, N. J. Price 2s. net.

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NEW DANCE MUSIC. PHYLLIS WALTZ. P. Bucalossi. CLAIRE WALTZ. Leonard GAUTIER. MERRY FOOTSTEPS POLKA. M. P. BUCALOSSI. FAHRWOHL WALTZ. Caroline LOWTHIAN. BLACK AND TAN POLKA. CAROLINE LOWTHIAN. TOI SEULE VALSE. Luke WHEELER.

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JUST FOR THE OLD LOVE'S SAKE. In three keys, C, D, and F. Words charming; music charming, suit all voices. It has such a pretty accompaniment, it at once arrests and rivets the attention. Poetic feeling, good taste, and judgment are brought to bear upon sympathetic words—hence the result, a certain success and a certain encore. Post free 2s. of MOUTTRIE and SON, 55, Baker Street, London, W.

PINSUTI'S FLOWER SONGS. Twelve two-part songs for Treble Voices. Price 1s. net. Post free 1s. stamps.

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New songs. Unparalleled success.

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SURELY. By A. H. Behrend. Listen, mother, how the song-birds

Sing on ev'ry tree to-day: Do they wonder who is coming

From the land so far away?

"The most genuine success of modern times."

E flat, F, G (compass D to E), A flat, B flat, and C

THE CONQUERORS. By THEO. BONHEUR. D, E flat (G to B) and F

FILL THE BREK. KING OF THE DAY. By CIRO PINSET. F, G, A (E to F), and B flat.

DOLLY'S REVENGE. By HENRY PONTE. D, E flat (E to F) and F.

GOING HOME. By CORTFORD DICK. E to F, G, A, and B flat.

THE DONKEY. By THEO. BONHEUR. F, G to E, G, and A flat.

THE GIRLS ARE THE BOYS FOR ME. By THEO. BONHEUR. (Words JAXONE).

For Concert, Parlor, or Home Circle. In F, G, compass D to D, and B flat.

The hits of the season, 24 stamps each.

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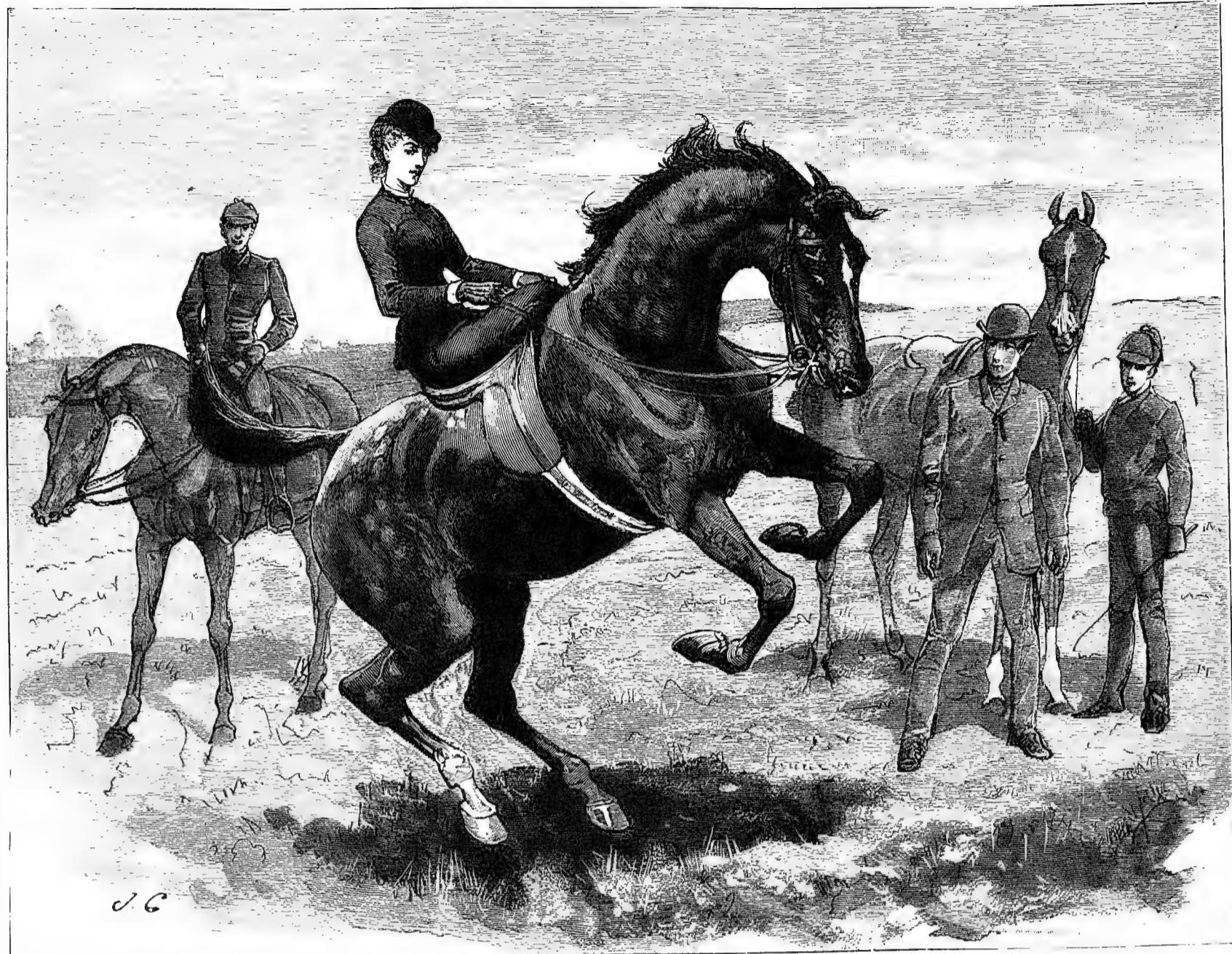
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The hits of the season, 24 stamps each.

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PUTTING OFF TO A WRECK ON THE NORFOLK COAST



DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON

"The horse shook his head angrily, but Dolly remained immovable."

FROM POST TO FINISH :

A RACING ROMANCE

By HAWLEY SMART,

AUTHOR OF "BREEZIE LANGTON," "BOUND TO WIN," "THE GREAT TONTINE," "AT FAULT," &c.

CHAPTER XLI.

DOLLY TURNS SCHOOLMISTRESS

YORK had made the confederates take counsel as to how its disasters were to be retrieved. Elliston in particular had been a very heavy loser, dropping, indeed, a considerable portion of the winnings of the year. He was always a rather dashing bettor when in funds, and in his impatience to increase his capital had conducted his speculations on a more extensive scale than usual. He was, moreover, by no means so impulsive in the hour of defeat as his more cautious partner, who usually bore victory or reverses with stoical indifference. It may be that he was conscious of a second string to his bow, and felt that when he had failed to get the better of the bookmakers, his clients, at all events, were not likely to escape with their quill feathers.

Elliston was of that type of man unbearable in either fortune. Exultant, hectoring, and blustering when in luck; morose, cynical, and sarcastic when the capricious goddess abandoned him. He was further embittered by another message he received from Mr. Writson, that though in consideration of his reverses at York social pressure that would not be immediately brought to bear upon him, yet, unless he made arrangements to pay two thousand in liquidation of those bills, the story of the transaction would be made public, and a hint was thrown out that he was at all events the owner of some valuable horses, which might be realised.

"That old brute, Whitby, is pulling the strings, of course, Sam. He must do his worst. I've not the money to spare at present," snarled Elliston when Pearson delivered his message.

"Yes, and when you have got hold of a couple of thousand pounds I recommend you to come to terms. Whitby's a dangerous man for a turfite to quarrel with, and carries too many guns for you or me."

"Nonsense! Don't bother any more about the bills. You had far more of poor Alister's money, if the truth was told, than I had."

"That's got nothing to do with it. What I received was in the way of business. However, the bills are your affair, not mine, and you know best what the consequences will be to you if the story comes out. I should call it awkward if it threatened me, and should imagine it was worse for you," rejoined the attorney.

"At all events, it isn't pressing just now, and, if our present luck

lasts, I bid fair to be tolerably indifferent to public opinion before the year's out," replied Elliston.

The scene of the above conversation was that very room at the Salutation at Doncaster in which it had been decided to win the Leger two years before with Phaeton if possible. Elliston had won and lost a good deal of money since then, but probably was at the present moment very little richer than before that great *coup*. Money made by gambling is ever shifting as a quicksand, pouring from one pocket into another with feverish haste, as if bitten by the restlessness of those who win and lose it. After studying a sheet of paper intently for some minutes Elliston exclaimed petulantly :

"Except our confounded luck I can't see anything to beat Caterham in either handicap."

"No," returned Pearson, who was occupied in a similar study of the weights for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire. "Seven stone twelve on a five-year-old that was good enough to win the Two Thousand at three can't be called excessive."

"No; and they've given him five pound less in the long race, which shows that they think as we do that he's better at one mile than two. We must go over to Riddleton, and have a talk with Greyson, and if we only find the horse going on as well as he was the last time I was there, we'll slip him for the Cambridgeshire."

"Yes," said Pearson, "he ought to have a great chance, but here's another Two Thousand winner at the same weight. 'Mr. Greyson's Dancing Master, four-year-old, seven twelve.'"

"Bah! a brute with a temper like that it don't much matter how little they put upon his back, besides, we can always give Greyson orders not to run him," rejoined Elliston. "Sir Marmaduke's done with him, you know."

"True! his temper's quite gone, I fancy. Still, he's always just the beggar to upset calculations. There ought to be a law prohibiting the running of such horses as him, for the protection of owners and backers. However, I don't suppose Greyson has any serious intention of starting him."

"No; however, I shall veto that if he has. We'll go over to Riddleton on Monday and have a confab with him about it, and then trust me to slowly work the commission. We ought to take thirty thousand out of the Ring easily over this."

"Providing it comes off, but remember we're not the only people who have laid themselves out for the same little game," rejoined

cautious Sam Pearson. "There's a good many just as sanguine as ourselves, and with cards up their sleeve that we know nothing about."

Still, the more the confederates talked over the thing the firmer they became in their conviction that they had a very big chance of winning the Cambridgeshire, and before their conference broke up it had been decided between them that unless Greyson showed good cause why they should not run Caterham for that race, run they would, and give the Ring reason to remember it if it came off.

But, as Pearson had suggested, there were many inquisitive eyes scanning that mystical problem, the weights for the Autumn Handicaps, and it was with a grin of intense satisfaction that Elliston noted, ere the Doncaster Meeting terminated, a strong disposition on the part of the public to back Caterham for the Cesarewitch.

"We'll let 'em burn their fingers pretty badly over that, Sam," said that astute and unscrupulous tactician, "and then they'll leave chestnuts of ours alone for the future, and let us take 'em out of the fire for ourselves."

Betting, in the days of our story, commenced on the two great Autumn Handicaps at Newmarket considerably earlier than it does at present, and two people noted with no little interest that the Dancing Master was ever and again backed at long shots for the Cambridgeshire. Those two were Mr. Greyson and his daughter. The trainer had no conception who it was that kept snapping an odd thousand to twenty or thousand to thirty about the horse, but he sent him sedulously along in his work on the speculation that, whoever it might be, he would be sure to have a start for his money at all events, if only for hedging purposes. He did not in the least imagine it was the public. An uncertain-tempered brute like the Dancing Master was not at all the kind of animal that commands itself to the noble army of backers. Mr. Bill Greyson thought it much more likely that a syndicate of bookmakers had plotted to make a good thing out of the horse by working him in the betting-market like any other "corner" on the Stock Exchange, and in that case who would sooner or later inevitably have to make terms with him. He did not in the least believe that money was to be won by backing the grey, but he did think that he was the sort of horse that men skilful in the manipulation of the betting-market might frighten the public into rushing on at the last. He confided none of these

imaginings to either his wife or daughter, but adhered faithfully to a pet maxim of his own, for which Bill Greyson had often been laughed at by his brother craftsmen: "Say nothing, but send 'em along."

Dollie, on the contrary, watched the Cambridgeshire betting with the keenest interest. Gerald had told her nothing further about his plans, but she felt sure that it was on his behalf that the money was being so cautiously dribbled on to the Dancing Master. Always an early riser, she resumed an old habit rather laid aside of late years—the cantering up with her father in the early morning to see the horses at their work, and her heart swelled as she saw the strong resolute fashion in which the grey, when in the humour, galloped over his companions. She felt sure that if he liked he could, in racing parlance, make Caterham, Phaeton, and all the rest, "lie down," and she begged her father again and again to let her give the Dancing Master a gallop. Bill Greyson had seen what his daughter could do with a fractious colt many a time. There wasn't a lad about the place who didn't look upon Miss Dollie as a wonder in the saddle, while as for Joe Butters, he firmly believed Miss Dollie could do more with a bad-tempered colt than any jockey at Newmarket, but the trainer was not to be cajoled. He regarded the Dancing Master as really about the worst-tempered horse it had ever been his ill-luck to deal with, and he had no idea of permitting his only child to risk her bones on the back of the unmannerly brute.

But it so chanced business called Mr. Greyson away for a couple of nights, and he was consequently compelled to hand over his charges to the superintendence of Joe Butters, his very steady and capable lieutenant, and now came Dollie's opportunity. From her childhood she had domineered over Butters, who simply regarded her as a phenomenon. He thought there was nobody like her, that there was nothing she couldn't do if she tried, but he did rather demur when she told him the day after her father's departure that she would give the Dancer his gallop that morning. It was not for one moment that he doubted her ability to do so; if a horse could be ridden at all of course Miss Dollie could ride it; but he had a shrewd idea that old Greyson had forbidden this thing, and he knew that the stern old trainer was little likely to overlook any infraction of orders. Butters was too rigid a disciplinarian to dream of deviating from ordinary routine or the few commands left for his guidance, but Greyson had never thought it worth while to place a prohibition upon his daughter's whim.

Joe, in short, was taken desperately aback at Dollie's request, and at last parried it with "Oh, I say, Miss Dollie, you know he don't allow any one not duly insured to get upon that horse. Bless you, Miss, we keep him chiefly to work off the useless stable boys with. If you notice, there's one missing every now and then. Well, we've put him on the Dancer, and after a few minutes there's generally nothing left for us to do but pick up the pieces and cart 'em away for Christian burial."

"Yes, Joe, I know," rejoined Dollie with preternatural gravity, although her eyes were dancing with fun, "but what I don't know, and must and will know, is where you do bury them?"

"It's a profound secret, and you'll never tell, promise?" replied Butters with a conscious twinkle in his eye. "We put 'em away at the back of the furzes, but you know, Miss Dollie, there'd be an awful row if we had to carry you there. No, leave the Dancer alone. We all know you can ride anything, but he isn't a lady's horse, Miss Dollie, he isn't indeed."

"Don't be a fool, Joe. You've seen me ride a good many that the veriest horse-coper out would hesitate to describe as that. Tell them to bring the Dancer up here at once, and shift my saddle."

"What a horse-coper would say, or what a wilful woman will do," thought Mr. Butters, "are a couple of equivalent conundrums a deal beyond me, but there's one thing I can swear to, and that is giving Miss Dollie her own way is only a matter of time as far as I am concerned. They most on 'em gets round me, but she—Here, bring the Dancer up here; slip off, Matthews, and shift these saddles. Miss Dollie is going to give him a gallop this morning. If she can't make him go we may turn him up. It's not likely any of you can."

The Dancing Master eyed Dollie's short grey habit with undoubted distrust; and active as the girl was, and clever as Butters and his myrmidons were in the handling of thoroughbreds, it was some little trouble to place her on his back; but Dollie had unbounded pluck, and, muttering between her white-little teeth, "Gerald rode the horse for my sake, and I'll do as much for him," she promptly responded to Butters. "Now, Miss Dollie," and taking advantage of a slight lull in the grey's vagaries, was dropped into the saddle light as a bird. For a moment "the Dancer" seemed stupefied by her audacity, a precious moment promptly utilised by the girl in settling herself in her seat, and then, as if in answer to her cheery "let his head go," the horse gave two tremendous plunges, and shook his head angrily. But Dollie remained immovable, her hands just played upon the bit lightly as they might have done upon a piano, while she spoke to the offender in soothing tones of expostulation. The grey seemed to consider the case, shook his head once more angrily, gave a vicious lash out that would have been bad for any one within reach, and then jumped off on the gallop at a rattling pace. Infirmities of temper the horse had, no doubt, but he was not cursed with that equine vice, "a hard mouth"; and if Dollie's hands were light, they had little wrists strong as steel behind them. Before they had gone half-a-mile she felt that she had "the Dancer" well under control; and then the girl, with flushed face and sparkling eyes, took a steady pull at him, and sent him soberly along at three-quarter speed, talking to and encouraging him all the while; and when in the last quarter of a mile she shook him up and finished at racing speed, the horse responded to her call, and ran home strong as a lion.

A perfect ovation from Butters and the stable-boys met Dollie as she pulled up. They had hold of the Dancer's head, and Butters jumped the girl off his back quick as possible.

"That's the best gallop he's done since we got him back from Newmarket, Miss Dollie," exclaimed that worthy, inexpressibly relieved to find that no harm had come of the girl's freak. "I never saw him go better."

"Go better, Joe! he's the sweetest galloper I was ever on. Smooth and easy as an express train; and what a stride! I don't believe we ever had such a horse at Riddleton before. Temper!—he's not a bad-tempered one. I'll tell you the secret of the Dancer: he has a very delicate mouth. In any other hands but mine that bit and bridoon would madden him. I'll ride him his gallops in future. Don't look frightened, Joe; but tell some one to bring up my hack. I'll make it all right with my father to-night."

And then Dollie rode home to breakfast with a strong conviction that she had done a good morning's work, and had something to tell her lover worth his knowing, if it was for him that the Dancer was so quietly but persistently backed for the Cambridgeshire.

The girl had every reason to be pleased with her prospects. She had stayed on in York for a fortnight or so after Gerald had left it, and during that time seen a great deal of her future mother and sister-in-law, and to her great delight had got on wonderfully well with them. She owed this in some measure to herself; but she was quite aware that she was also indebted considerably to the fearless, outspoken Rector of St. Margaret's. John Thorndyke had been much taken with the girl. That he should study closely one about to be nearly connected with himself was only natural, and he

was much pleased not only to find her so well-educated and lady-like, but to discover that she possessed a large fund of practical common sense besides. Thorndyke stood up for the girl; he argued that Gerald might have done much worse; that we were fast merging into a democracy; and that the distinctions of rank would soon be things of the past. That she was a good, sensible, lady-like young woman, and would probably be an excellent wife to Gerald; and "that," added the Rector, "counts for much in a man's career."

That John Thorndyke's opinions were likely to carry much weight in St. Leonard's Place we know well, and the consequence was both Mrs. Rockingham and Ellen viewed the girl, so to speak, through John Thorndyke's spectacles, and made much of Dollie accordingly.

"Let us only win this big stake over the Cambridgeshire; and, Gerald, my dear, I'll have the Dancer completely sobered down before you want him," said Dollie to herself; "and save Cranley—No; I'm afraid we can't do that—it's gone—but your people will welcome me cordially amongst them all the same," and with these somewhat incoherent reflections Dollie finished her breakfast.

CHAPTER XLII.

STEALING A KISS.

WILLIAM GREYSON, when on his return that evening he was informed by Dollie of her morning's feat, shook his head gravely, and vowed he would give Joe Butters a bit of his mind in the morning.

"Dash it," he growled, "there's neither man, woman, nor boy I can trust about the place. The idea, you monkey, of your wanting to get on the Dancer. You knew I had forbidden it."

"Yes," said Dollie, demurely; "but you know when you tell a girl she mustn't, she always feels she must."

"Ah, well, you've done it, and thank God no harm's come of it. But if Joe Butters thinks I am going to stand such laxity about stable discipline as that, he's much mistaken."

"Now, father, listen to me," said Dollie. "You must not scold Butters, because I've bullied him since I was a child, and he didn't know how to say no to your daughter when she was peremptory. He was as frightened as you could have been till I was safely off the horse again. But mind, I'm going to ride the Dancer every morning, and you'll see he'll go quiet enough with me."

The trainer was at first emphatic in his denunciation of Butters, and scoffed at the idea of ever letting his daughter get on the horse again, but after a cigar and a jorum of hot grog he promised that Butters' offending should be condoned, and as for Dollie riding the Dancing Master again, well, he would see about it.

Bill Greyson was very proud and fond of his daughter, and as a horsewoman he believed there had never been her like. He had implicit confidence in her ability to ride anything, but he had hesitated about permitting her to try her hand on such a very querulous brute as the Dancer. Now she had done it, and successfully too; and as he wended his way to bed the trainer turned it over in his mind, and thought there might not be much risk after all in letting the girl see to-morrow morning what she could make of him.

From this out Dollie rode the grey regularly in his morning work, and it was very singular how very much more tractable the horse became in her hands than he had hitherto been. It must not be supposed that he never showed temper; there was always trouble, for instance, about mounting. Custom did not seem to reconcile him to the habit skirt in the least, and he invariably entered an angry protest against its advent on his back. He would plunge and kick as of yore, and often require much coaxing to induce him to jump off on his gallop, but he unmistakably went much better when started than he had ever done with any one else. He rarely attempted either to bolt or stop when Dollie was sending him along, and though Greyson deemed there was still little reliance to be placed upon him on a racecourse, the trainer certainly did think that the horse was improving.

The beginning of October found Cuthbert Elliston in all his glory. Every morning brought him a line from Riddleton to say that Caterham could not be doing better, and there was every hope he would be as fit as hands could make him by the end of the month. The betting on the great handicaps was now getting heavy, and Elliston had already succeeded in backing his horse to win a very considerable stake. The public had left him the market very much to himself. Riddleton had the reputation amongst backers of being a very dangerous stable to meddle with, and though, in the first instance, they had nibbled a little at Caterham for the Cesarewitch it was not long before it oozed out that his owner had not got a shilling on him for that race, and that his starting was very doubtful. Then the public, disgusted at the apparently certain loss of their investments, vowed they would have no more of Mr. Elliston's horses, and hoped devoutly he might never win another race. The sporting public is a little apt to talk in that wise when it has burnt its fingers, but it soon forgets, and before long again follows the Will-o'-the-Wisp that has deceived it already.

It was just at this time when Cuthbert Elliston was positively revelling in "the possibility of the potentiality of riches," once more dreaming of having broken the Ring—that oft-recurring dream which never is realised—that he received a curt epistle from his partner which a little disconcerted him.

"Caterham is going like great guns," it said, "and on paper there's nothing to beat him, and, what is more, I feel sure that when we put him alongside our trying tackle he will quite confirm that opinion. I saw him last week, and he has never looked so well since he won the Two Thousand. But who's backing the Dancing Master? Somebody undoubtedly keeps dribbling money on him if the Tattersall quotations can be trusted. Old Bill swears he knows nothing about it, for I asked him. However, the horse looks wonderfully well, and does his work, I am told, by himself. He is in the sale list, and Greyson has no intention, I believe, of even sending him to Newmarket, still, as I asked before, who is it persistently backs him?"

Elliston was not particularly put out by this letter, but he had been too long on the turf not to know that when meditating such a *coup* as he did, no chance that could be conceived was unworthy of consideration. He thought it would be as well, perhaps, if he ran up to York, had a look at Caterham, and explained to Greyson that he should not sanction his starting the Dancing Master for the Cambridgeshire, but before he started it would be as well perhaps to ascertain whose money it was that went so frequently on the Dancing Master. Upon applying to Broughton, with whom he had had many business transactions on the subject, the great North-country bookmaker replied, "I hardly know, sir. A little man named Johnson took all my book for both races before the weights were out, and he occasionally backs him again, but the horse is avowedly for sale, and, I should think, not likely to run for either, much less run straight if he does. But he's in your own stable, you know what his temper is."

"And who is this Johnson?" inquired Elliston, without paying any attention to the latter part of Broughton's speech.

"Little man in a tall hat, sir. Bets chiefly on commission for a circle of small country clients, but I never knew him have the working of a *real* commission. His customers deal in fives and tens mostly. He's a straightforward little man enough, and I daresay he's parcelled out his Dancing Master money again before this."

All this was quite satisfactory to Elliston. He never dreamt of questioning the accuracy of the information because it chimed in exactly with his own view of the case, and in one sense 'the great

Northern bookmaker had told him the truth. Johnson and one or two of Johnson's colleagues were the backers of the Dancing Master, and it was perfectly true, as Broughton had said, that Johnson had taken the whole of his book upon both races about the horse at a very early period; but what Broughton did not tell Cuthbert Elliston was that he had an idea Johnson was this time cleverly working a very well authorised commission, and that he personally had taken more than one opportunity of what is termed "getting out," that is, backing the horse against which he had previously laid. In the first place, Broughton really did not know at whose inspiration Johnson was backing the Dancing Master, and, secondly, Cuthbert Elliston was a very unpopular man in the Ring. He was a hard man, who had punished them severely at times, and never given any of those whom he threatened to hit a hint to save themselves. As a rule the racing world generally rather chuckled when Cudie Elliston was, to use their own expression, "warmed up," a feeling not at all confined to that section of the community, but prevalent amongst many little seaside *coteries*, who rejoice exceedingly when their neighbour is rumoured to have come to trouble over Egyptians or some similar popular delusion.

Mr. Elliston started for the North with a mind quite relieved as to the backers of the Dancing Master. He put it airily down to that great and long-suffering body the British public, a public accustomed to pay dearly for its insufficient entertainment, accommodation, and its pastimes generally, and a public whose bounden duty it was, in Cuthbert Elliston's eyes, to lose money for the benefit of those who kept race-horses for their amusement. He did not pull up on this occasion at York, after his wont, and stay with his partner, but passed on straight to Riddleton, where he had telegraphed to Greyson to have something at the railway station to meet him. The trainer was there himself, and as they drove up to the Moor they naturally discussed the bearings of the Cambridgeshire together.

"The horse never was better," said Greyson, as they turned into the stable-yard. "I roughed him up this morning long before I got your telegram. Not quite a regular trial, but what we call a 'Yorkshire gallop,' and if, bar accident, you don't win the Cambridgeshire, I can only say there's a clipper in the background whose measure we've not got."

"No, I think it's good enough. Of course, you stand anything up to a hundred you like, taking the average of the commission," replied Elliston, "and the price is pretty good. I should like to see the horse at once," he continued, as he stepped out of the trap, "and then you shall give me some lunch."

"All right, sir," said Greyson, "and I never showed you one with more pleasure. He's about fit to run now, but I know I can make him a bit better by the Houghton week."

The trainer might well look with pride into Elliston's face as the lad whipped the sheets off Caterham. He was as fine a specimen, of a thoroughbred horse as ever was stripped. A rich, dark bay, standing at least sixteen one, and a rare good-looking horse. Of hypercritical turfites, rendered sceptical from losses over many a "beauty," would say, "Yes, that's just his weak point; he's a little too good-looking." I have heard infidels of this type talk in the same way about fashionable beauties, and pronounce them just a shade too handsome ever to mellow down for matrimony, and noticed as a fact that their plainer sisters have done better in that particular. Women, I suppose,

Who, born for the universe, made up their mind
Not a husband to give what was meant for mankind,
to paraphrase Goldsmith.

The Dancing Master was by no means so thoroughly handsome a horse, and yet his great ragged hips and low muscular thighs would have struck any judge of a racehorse, but then that little infirmity of a temper of his was well known, and no matter what his galloping points, or even capabilities, might be, that alone, amidst the crowds of people and the large fields of horses prevalent on English racecourses, was quite sufficient to forbid his being taken into much consideration. But Caterham was every inch a good-looking one. You could pick very few holes in the dashing winner of the Two Thousand, who, it was well known, had never been quite right or intended to win ever since. The public had great and reasonable doubts of his soundness, and also thoroughly well justified grounds for mistrusting his owners' intentions, but the horse, as Elliston, no mean judge, admitted at once, had never looked better. His coat shone like burnished copper, and his eye looked clear, bright, and full as the evening star.

"He does you credit, Greyson, and if we are beat it won't be your fault. We've, partly from luck and partly from our clever tactics, thoroughly blinded the handicappers; they've given Phaeton 7 lbs. more than Caterham, and it should be just the other way I consider."

"Yes, sir, I should think this one could give Phaeton quite 7 lbs.; there was something like that between them this morning."

"It's good enough, bar accidents, and I have secured a very good jockey. Now, what about that grey of yours? Somebody's backing him, and he might be dangerous if he did take it into his head."

"Well, sir, it's no money of mine that goes on him, nor any belief of mine that he will ever win another race. He's in the sale list, and unless somebody buys him he won't even go to Newmarket."

"I needn't bother my head, then, any more about him," rejoined Elliston, "but come in and give me some lunch, now. I'm in a hurry to get back to town."

The trainer quickly led the way back to the quaint, old-fashioned dining-room on the ground floor, with its low windows looking out on the grass plot and the wide-spreading chestnut-tree that decked its centre. The windows were half-open, letting in the scent of the creepers that covered the house, and the flowers that still lingered in the borders surrounding it, for it was one of those soft autumns which made men loth to leave their summer haunts and return to the busy hum of cities.

Had what may, there's never lack of provender for either man or horse about a racing establishment, and Elliston, who was rather given to the pleasures of the table, washed down an excellent meal with a flask of dry champagne, and then proceeded to aid its digestion with the help of a Cabana and some curious old brown sherry much in repute amongst the frequenters of Riddleton.

"You gallop that bad-tempered brute of yours by himself, Greyson, I hear?" remarked Elliston, as he leant back in his chair in lazy enjoyment of his cigar.

"Yes, sir; and, to tell you the truth, Dollie usually rides him."

"What! You don't mean to tell me you've put the girl on a devil like that? Begad, if anything happens to her hanging's too good for you."

"She got on him at first without my knowledge or consent. But she can do more with him now than any boy in the stable."

At this juncture a smart servant-girl entered the room, and with a smile handing Greyson a note, intimated that the bearer was waiting.

The trainer glanced over it, and then, crushing it in his hand, said:

"I must ask you to excuse me, Mr. Elliston, a few minutes. The wife's away at York, but Dollie will give you your coffee, and tell you anything you want to know about 'The Dancer.'

"All right. Mind I'm not late for my train," rejoined Elliston, who, having transacted his business and enjoyed his luncheon like the Sybarite he was, reflected that Dollie would be far pleasanter to talk to over his cigar than her father.

To be continued

THE HASTINGS FISHERIES

The Hastings Fisheries, generally known as Rye Bay, extending fourteen miles from Fairlight to Dungeness, are among the richest in the world, abounding in fish of all kinds—whiting, turbot, plaice, sole, gurnet, brill, John Dory, lemon sole, and many others. Shell-fish do not figure in this rich harvest of the sea. There is, however, a new and somewhat alarming aspect of affairs to be taken into account. So greatly is the demand in excess of the supply that we are threatened with the extinction of one of the most valuable fish—namely, the sole, unless a different kind of net is used, so as to prevent the wholesale catching of young fish. Thus it seems highly probable that what is happening to our wild flowers, birds, and butterflies will gradually befall the sole, and perhaps many other fish beside. Indeed, all kinds are much rarer than formerly, and the profits of both fishermen and salesmen are proportionately reduced. Quite recently fifty lasts of herrings were being caught here per diem, each last consisting of 10,000 herrings, the last fetching from 5/- to 10/-.

But as these are known to the trade as the long shore—not the deep-sea, used for bloaters, they bring in very little, since they will only keep a few days. One of our principal skippers, with his lugger, is now fishing for these deep-sea herrings off the north-coast to be known as Yarmouth bloaters.

It is curious that the railway has only brought Hastings nearer to Billingsgate by twelve hours. Old Hastingsers remember the carts, drawn by two or four horses, that used to carry fish to London. They started in the morning, after the night's haul, and arrived in time for the next day's market.

"How enchanting that flotilla of fishing-boats!" cried the great French artist, Daubigny, to a fellow-artist, Madame Bodichon, as he contemplated the sea from one of the old-fashioned lodging-houses near the Hastings fish-market, in 1871. Alas! were Daubigny living his eye could no longer rest on the same picture with unmixed enjoyment: an unsightly construction for the accommodation of the lifeboat has recently been built exactly opposite the place in which he lodged, and how many artists before him? Indeed, but for the encroachments of the busybody man, the scene here would be matchless of its kind, the picturesque old boat-houses and capstans, the bold outline of the East Hill, the wide expanse of bright sea, lastly, the fishing-boats, whether drawn up close under the cliffs, or at anchor far away, forming the kind of flotilla in which Daubigny's artistic soul delighted. Nature has also contributed to the work of devastation. The cliff has lost somewhat of the grandeur of outline in consequence of portions shelving away. Some of the most picturesque boat-houses were literally carried into the sea during one of the recent gales off this coast. The gradual encroachments of the sea must slowly but surely obliterate or modify other familiar features. Not less picturesque than their *entourage* are the sunburnt fishermen in their smocks dyed a brilliant copper by the Indian catechu, oilskin petticoats, and slouched hats, admirable headgear alike from a practical and pictorial point of view.

It was rumoured not long since that the time-honoured Hastings fisheries would disappear, but the question of the wholesale migration of the fishermen to Rye has been settled, at least for a time. There is no harbour here any more than in former days, but the solid bank of heaped-up beach affords a temporary substitute. The new groyne, however, of which the corner-stone was laid lately, promises a sea defence likely to satisfy all requirements. The cost, to be borne by the town, is estimated at 20,000/- The work has a threefold object—viz., to secure the shingle along the fish market, and to protect the end of the town and the sewerage. The fishermen are so far much pleased with the prospect. Strangers must not judge of their social condition by the loafers on the shore, who wear the guise of seafaring men, it is true, but have nothing else in common with the Hastings fishermen proper, men of sturdy character, often possessed of a little capital, and anxious to place their sons in a better position of life. It is not unusual for a master fisherman to amass a thousand pounds, and his stock-in-trade, notably the nets, represent a considerable sum of money. On the other hand, a long-continued spell of squally weather throws large numbers upon parish relief and private charity. Of course, not only the badness of seasons must be here taken into account, but habits of improvidence generally, early marriages, and families enormously out of proportion with the earnings of the head.

The co-operative element that comes into play often tells hardly against both master and men in the fishing trade. Thus, when a fisherman goes to sea his wife is allowed eight shillings a week for maintenance, but if the boat comes back empty, the sum advanced is left as a debt on future earnings. The average earnings of a fisherman are about a pound a week, and this is dependent on the seasons. No wonder that master boatmen do not bring up their sons to the sea: and some of our worthiest citizens—the men of whom Hastings may be justly proud—are sons of the fine old "salts" of former days.

The Hastings fisherman affords a very curious psychological study, and may be said to stand apart from other English types. Liberal in politics, when anything of a politician, Conservative in all else, difficult of access, and keenly sensitive to ridicule, he is, perhaps, one of the most unmanageable beings in the world, but certainly not one of the least estimable. Crime is foreign to his nature, and can lay no hold on his mind. Hard as it is to influence him in any degree or to imbue him with new notions, social, moral, or religious, he is yet, in a rough sort of way, grateful to his teachers, always provided that their teaching is orthodox. Thus, although the Salvation Army is in full force at the other end of Hastings, its leaders make no attempt to gain a footing in the precincts of the Fishmarket, knowing well that such efforts would be in vain. Nor does the newly-established Roman Catholic organisation, now in equally full force at this end of the town, stand any greater chance of success. When our Hastings fisherman takes up with a religion at all, he will have the real thing or nothing, and the real thing in his eyes is the Church of England. He must be married by a clergyman in a church, or he would not, to his own thinking, be lawfully wedded at all. If he goes over to Dissent, it is to the form of it most nearly resembling that of the Established Church, namely, the Congregational body. The form of worship most acceptable is the short out-of-door service on Sunday evenings during the summer. A picturesque sight it is, the fine brawny fellows seated at their ease on the capstans or boats, the women with babes in their arms, and old folks crowding every doorway within hearing, close by the gently rippling sea. A stranger would at first sight deem some sect of Revivalists to be at work here. But no such thing; the short improvised prayer, not lasting more than three or four minutes, and extempore sermon, never exceeding twenty—long services and monotonous repetitions would not be tolerated by such an audience for a moment—although often delivered by a layman, are strictly under the auspices of the Church of England. This combination of clerical and lay influences harmoniously at work here is a deeply interesting feature, and should be studied by all who have at heart the elevation of the working classes by means of spiritual centres of activity. The indefatigable chaplain of the Fishermen's Church is seconded by a lay-worker, who, although not in Holy Orders, has every other qualification for the work, and has, moreover, succeeded by years of friendly ministration in winning the confidence of the fishermen.

Another layman, a retired seaman of distinction, has come to the fore; also a lady belonging to the Congregational body, and delightful it is to find all working together in perfect accord

towards a common end. Hand in hand with spiritual and moral teaching goes intellectual recreation, and in the handsome Fishermen's Institute all kinds of entertainment are given. The most astonishing feature of these is the correct taste and healthy moral tone shown by these rough sea-faring men in the matter of their amusements. They like good music, and they will tolerate nothing vulgar or low in literature. One curious phase in this study of life is the *feud*, as it may be called, that exists between the men and the boys. Ungovernable in his youth, ungovernable in his age, perhaps as little amenable to discipline as any being in the world, the Hastings fisherman in his domestic relations might afford Mr. Hamerton an apt illustration for the chapter on "Fathers and Sons" in his new volume. As little lads the sons run off to sea in order to escape the clutches of the School Board, and as hobbledehoys they make a determined stand against parental authority, and indeed the authority of their elders generally. Thus workers among them have the greatest difficulty in keeping the peace between the two generations. On the whole, however, the picture of the Hastings fishermen, as drawn by one who knows them well, is encouraging. A little more education, a little more thirst, more amenity of character, and more readiness to accept elevating influences, would make them as fine a set of fellows as any in the kingdom.

M. B.-E.



MR. T. WHITAKER, ex-Mayor of Scarborough, was sent out to lecture by the Preston teetotalers, being at the time a raw Lancashire lad, with his entire baggage tied up in a handkerchief. His first attempt might have discouraged many a stout-hearted man. He was shamefully snubbed and left alone in the High Street of Kendal by the swell Temperance Secretary to whose care he had been consigned. Happily, a poor nailer, who heard the snubbing, gave him a cup of tea and encouraged him to make his speech. The crier would not announce a meeting that "had no ale in it"; so the young weaver walked round the town springing his rattle, and by this startling means got a large audience. The rest of "Life's Hard Battles in Temperance Armour" (Hodder and Stoughton) were not unworthy of this beginning; and the record of them is quite lifted out of the commonplace by the indomitable pluck of the combatant. He is full of fun as well as of courage; the scene in a Wesleyan chapel—the thin, active deacon lighting the candles for a teetotal meeting, the pursy minister blowing them out till all his breath was gone—is intensely comic. It is only one out of many instances, by the way, in which "the cause" suffered more from Dissent than from the Church. Mr. Whitaker is always outspoken, sometimes seeming to take as his model his friend Ann Conning, who, calling for a subscription on the late Countess of Zetland, trotted across the drawing-room, and, holding out her hand, said: "How dost thou do, *Louisa*?" It is a pity he could not refrain from chiding the Bishop of Lichfield for the part he took in regard to the Rev. Samuel Spriggs.

Questions like the original habitat of the cucumber seem quite unworthy of the time which botanists spend on them; but, in M. de Candolle's "Origin of Cultivated Plants" (Kegan Paul), they are associated with the all-important subject of the origin of species. M. de Candolle's views are well known, but we demur to dogmatism like the following: "Cultivators are wrong in supposing that melons and cucumbers may be crossed. Naudin ascertained by experiment that this fertilisation was not possible, and has also shown that the distinction between the two species is well founded." Now, this is just a case in which you can't prove a universal negative, for common sense says that somebody else's experiments may contradict Naudin's. However, the vast learning displayed in this marvellous collection of facts, and the very interesting introduction on "The Origin of Cultivated Plants and the Methods for Proving the Origin of Species" more than atone for the stubbornness which, despite Garcilasso and Father Acosta and Humboldt, insists on the Asiatic origin of the banana, and declines to accept Messrs. Asa Gray and Trumbull as "authorities" about indigenous American plants. It would be interesting to compare a book, parts of which have been written up to date, and for which the author has gone to the newest lights—Bretschneider on Chinese botany, for instance—with the original volume of 1855; for this is a new work, not a new edition. Anyhow, it is worthy of the author's name, and takes a high place in the "International Scientific Series."

That the world is growing old is proved by the attention which even in the best-wooded lands is being bestowed on forests. Even Russia, where a squirrel could go from Minsk to Kiev without coming to the ground, finds it necessary to be careful. Dr. Croumble Brown, who gained a medal at the late Edinburgh Forestry Exhibition, and some of whose excellent books on the subject we have already noticed, not only discusses, in "Forestry in the Mining Districts of the Ural Mountains" (Oliver and Boyd), the causes of the diminished supply of wood, but gives a pleasant account of his sojourn in East Russia, including an excursion into Siberia, of which country he adds a brief historical sketch. One is glad to learn that, on the Demidoff property at any rate, emancipation has worked well, the men dreading dismissal much more than they did the beating which was the punishment of idle serfs. Even the best, however, of the works are sadly crippled by "red tape," had it not been for this, English capitalists would long ago have bought up many of them. Bribery is, of course, universal; Dr. Brown has some very amusing anecdotes of its working in the upper circles. But even bribery won't always secure a sufficient supply of fuel; indeed, the Government restrictions seem to be ruining the iron and other works without saving the forests.

Till lately the average Englishman's knowledge of painters has been very insular. But, since what was so long little more than the Angerstein Collection has grown into a Gallery really worthy of the nation, it won't do to be ignorant of Cranach and Primaticcio, or even of Le Nain and Joubert. Moreover, now that we possess so many examples of the Spanish schools, we naturally ask: Was there ever a Portuguese school? This and similar questions are answered with admirable brevity and completeness in Mr. Gerard Smith's "Painting, Spanish and French," and the other "Illustrated Art Handbooks" (Sampson Low and Co.) of which this concludes the series. Mr. Smith's strong point is his masterly sketch of the origin of the Spanish and French schools. Of the latter he finds the beginnings in the glorious twelfth-century glass, and in the miniature work which, fostered by Charlemagne, had by Dante's time given the Paris illuminators an unquestioned superiority in Europe. We do not always agree with Mr. Smith; for instance, in his very high estimate of that "strayed ancient," Nicholas Poussin; but his criticisms are always valuable, and he has given additional interest to his book (though anticipating the promised treatise on "Modern Painters") by including in it such recent artists as Fortuny and Flandrin and Gleyre.

Mr. Hissey is too much given to moralising. In an otherwise delightful account of "An Old-Fashioned Journey Through England and Wales" (Bentley) one does not care to be pulled up short every now and then by such sage reflections as "so long as nitro-glycerine

is used accidents will occur from time to time more or less serious." It is strange, too, how one so fond of old-fashioned inns (of some of which he gives very pretty pictures), and old stained glass (in which he revelled at Malvern), and of the old in general—witness his complaint of the new look which Sir Gilbert Scott has given to Worcester Cathedral—should have seen enough of Dorchester Church to comment on its Rector's "tendencies" without noticing the unique Jesse window, which does in stone what those at Winchester School and elsewhere do in glass. Starting from London, and going by way of Bedfont, Oxford, &c., up the Wye valley, Mr. Hissey drove right on through Llanberis to Penmaenmawr; thence by Bala over the Berwyn, round to Coventry and Rugby, and so back to town, completing a "cruise on wheels" which rivals Mr. Black's "Strange Adventures of a Phaeton," and proves even to the most sceptical how much there is worth seeing in our own country. We should like to know how Mr. Hissey's horses stood the journey, and what was the average weekly cost of his very pleasant outing.

If we dealt with "Destiny, or Man's Will-Means and Will-Ends," a New Critical Logic, by Arthur Young (Houlston and Sons), according to the importance of the subject, we should give it our whole space; for, quaint as is his method, Mr. A. Young has in several ways proved that he is no mere dreamer. He bought Citeaux, near Dijon, and there started in 1842 a sort of phalanstère, which failed, owing partly to the troubles preceding 1848, but chiefly because the founder's means were diverted to help Mr. Bessemer with his Type Composing Machine and his Bronze Powder. Later on he crossed from Australia to New York to join in the Texas Expedition, but was laid up with Panama fever. He was led to this diagrammatic co-ordination of morals, of which one remembers hints in Elizabethan writers, by finding that the Cross is a pre-Christian sign used in every nation possessing a philosophy. Hence he came to feel that "the Cross must be to the fit ordering of our worded idea what the cross or co-ordinate axes of Geometry has been to science," "Spirit and Mind Polarity" and "The Euclid of Anthropology" are fascinating subjects. We hope the matter will be taken up by some one who has not only space to devote to it, but also sympathy with the writer.

Mr. E. Gee, the mayor, rightly judged that the "Records of the Borough of Chesterfield" (Chesterfield, Edmunds; Sheffield, Leader) would be of more than local interest. Thanks to the care with which Mr. Pym Yeatman has examined both the borough archives and other collections, the volume is as complete as it can be in the absence of the "Black Book of Chesterfield," which Mr. Yeatman hopes may yet be discovered. The Nottingham "Red Book" was burned in 1724; but fortunately abstracts had been made from it by various Town Clerks. These are of peculiar interest to the Chesterfield people; for in the almost unrivalled series of original Royal Charters possessed by the latter town its customs are always declared to be similar to the Nottingham customs. A good many of these charters which, in the careless old days, had got out of the Corporation's hands Mr. Gee has happily been able to recover for his fellow-townsmen of the Royal Manor.

If our grandfathers were too careless about records, they were careful enough in collecting antiquarian gossip. Mr. Gomme in the second volume of his "Gentleman's Magazine Library" (Elliot Stock) gathers under the head of "Popular Superstitions" all that quaint miscellany contains on days and seasons, superstitious customs, witchcraft, &c., from 1731 to 1868. Of course such a record is incomplete; but we did expect under "Witchcraft in Suffolk" to find some notice of the treatment of "Dumpty," a poor Frenchman at Castle Hedingham, who was done to death in the horse pond in 1866 or thereabouts. The letter on Welsh "Mine-Knockers," too, might surely have been followed by a word touching the same belief in West Cornish mines. As Mr. Gomme says, the value of this collection is that "no scientists had a hand in it; it is straight from the people themselves," and is therefore wholly on a different level from anything got together by devotees of psychical research, for instance.

In "Trottings of a Tenderfoot" (Bentley) Mr. Phillipps-Wolley, who has already published his record of sport in the Caucasus, details his experiences with gun and rod "On the N. P. Railway," "On the Trail of the Wapiti" in "Old Virginny," and in far-off Spitzbergen. His expedition thither he seems justified in calling "The Spitzbergen Swindle." Norwegians, as a rule, are honesty personified; but Herr C— was the reverse, and, having advertised to give a fortnight's sport in Spitzbergen waters for 20/- a-piece, he reduced the time by one half and doubled the cost. Mr. Wolley's postscript "To the Would-be Emigrant" is valuable. Ne'er-do-wells and "muffs," clerks and professional men, had better stay at home. Mr. Wolley knows an American town of a thousand houses which has five doctors for its yearly average of at most a hundred cases. "Beware," he says, "of advertisers, and don't pay a premium; and remember that, besides Manitoba, there are the yet untouched pastures of the Peace River." The book is dedicated to the Marquis of Lorne.

Miss Townsend's "Joseph Haydn" (Sampson Low), the new volume of the "Great Musicians Series," is thoroughly and conscientiously done. The life, divided between Vienna and London, is pleasantly described. Haydn's boyish tastes were as much encouraged as Handel's were repressed. France, as well as England, accepted him in his lifetime as a heaven-born genius; and when he died in 1809, broken-hearted at the second bombardment of Vienna, his guard of honour was chiefly composed of French soldiers. Miss Townsend is wisely brief in her estimate of his place among great composers. She accepts the stereotyped dictum that he, who brought music home to the hearts and minds of the people, was "the creator of instrumental music."



MRS. OLIPHANT has written fiction in many styles. Indeed she has proved herself so versatile that it would be difficult to ascribe to her any style characteristically her own, unless it were that adequate portraiture of the stronger passions as instanced in her earlier works, and long ago laid aside for subjects which consume less time, and require less pains and less devotion to the work in hand. If "Sir Tom" (3 vols.: Macmillan and Co.) were an earlier work, we should say that she had taken up the mantle of Anthony Trollope, and bade fair to wear it as successfully as he. Or if "Sir Tom" had been put forth anonymously, in Anthony Trollope's lifetime, we should have little hesitation in ascribing it to an author who did occasionally withhold his name from a title-page. The nature of the story, and even the familiar tricks and mannerisms in telling it, would have borne out this view. On the whole, it is as good a novel as Mrs. Oliphant has written for many years, and—it need hardly be said after our notice of its resemblance—very much easier to read. It contains no psychological profundities, no analytic reflections, and above all, exceedingly few repetitions. All is clear and straightforward. And, though Mrs. Oliphant has abstained from entering deeply into passion, as indeed would have been incompatible with the ages and circumstances of her principal *dramatis personae*, she has touched emotion with a hand both delicate and firm. The scene where Sir Tom and his young wife are waiting for the death of their child is not easy to read without tears, hackneyed as the subject has become; nor is the



NATIVES DIRECTING THE SHOOTING PARTY WHERE TO FIND BIG GAME



WOODCOCK SHOOTING



NO NEED FOR THE COUP DE GRÂCE



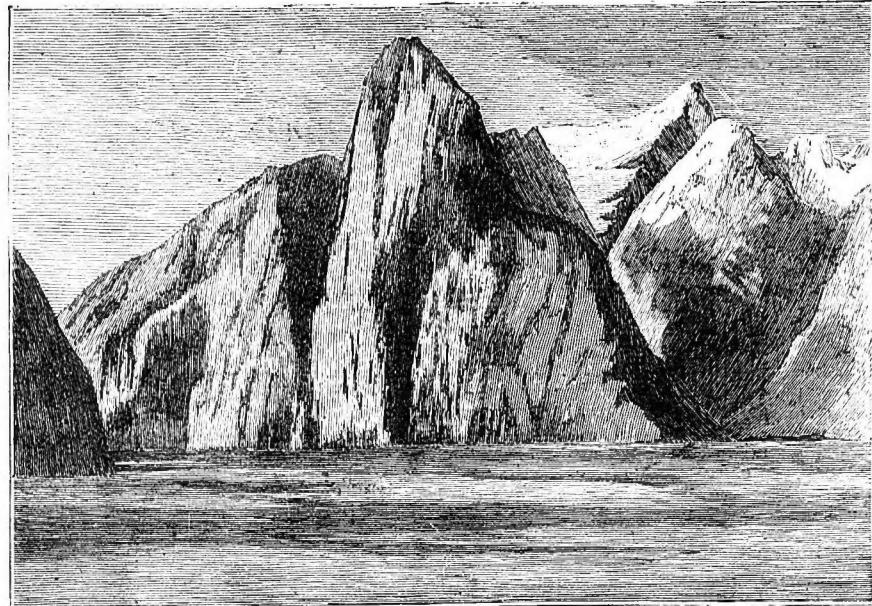
STARTS A PIG WHILE LOOKING FOR WOODCOCK



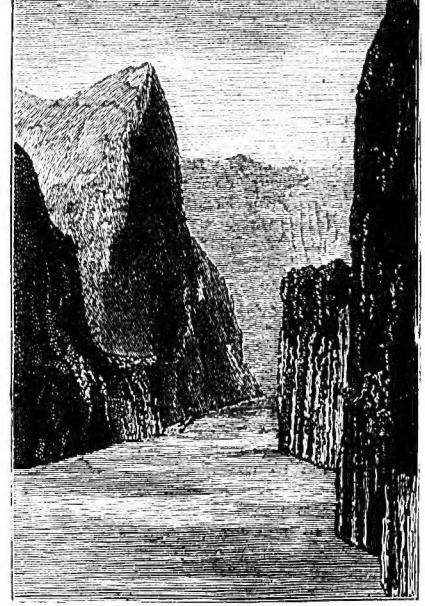
A FLYING SHOT



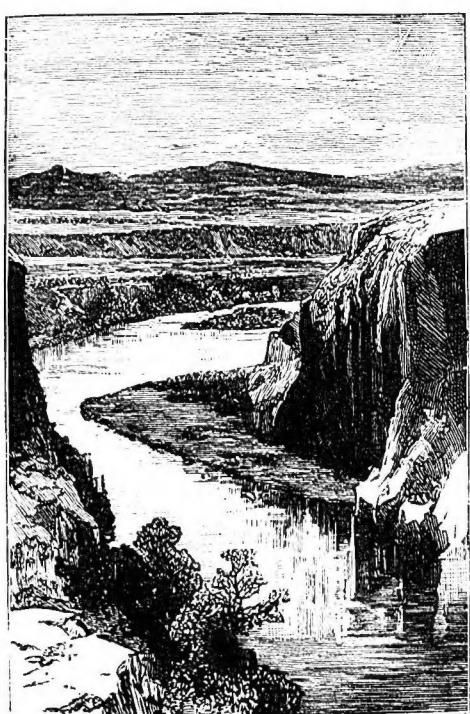
STIRLING FALLS, MILFORD SOUND



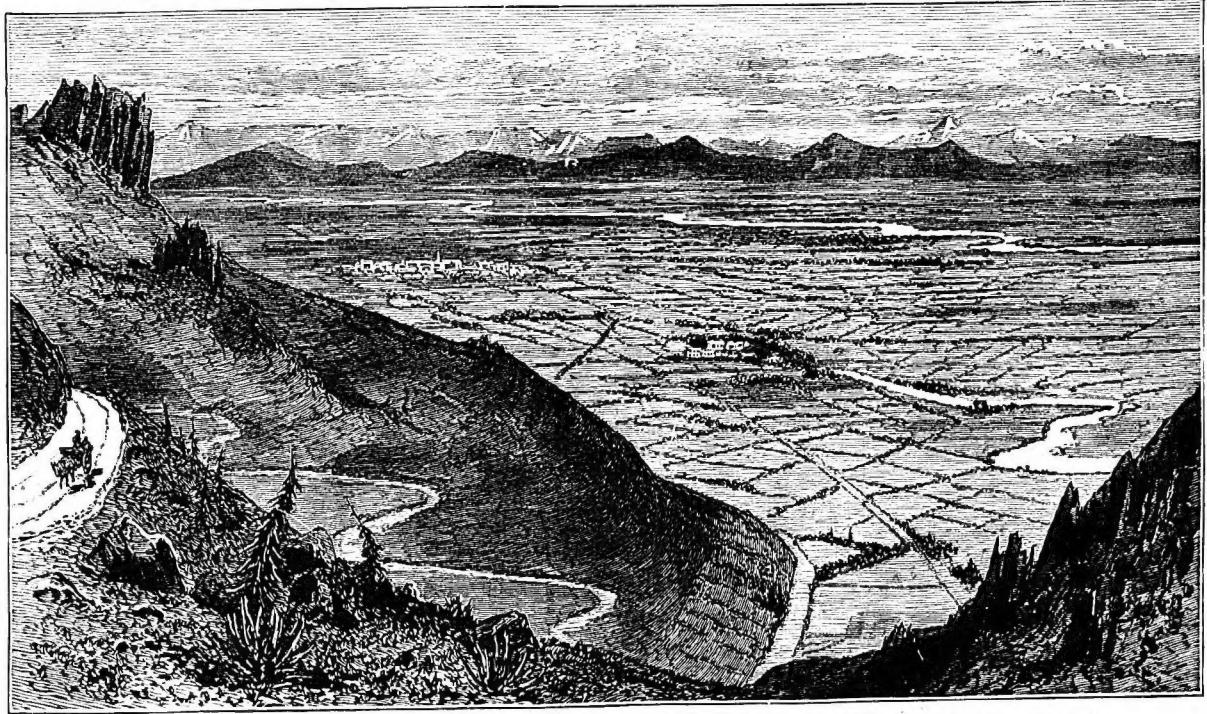
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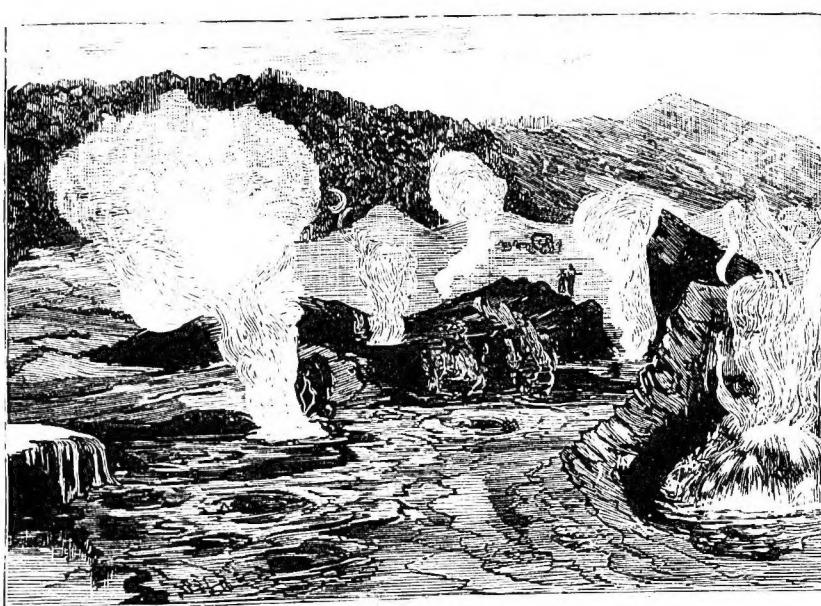
ENTRANCE TO MILFORD SOUND, MOUNT KIMBERLEY



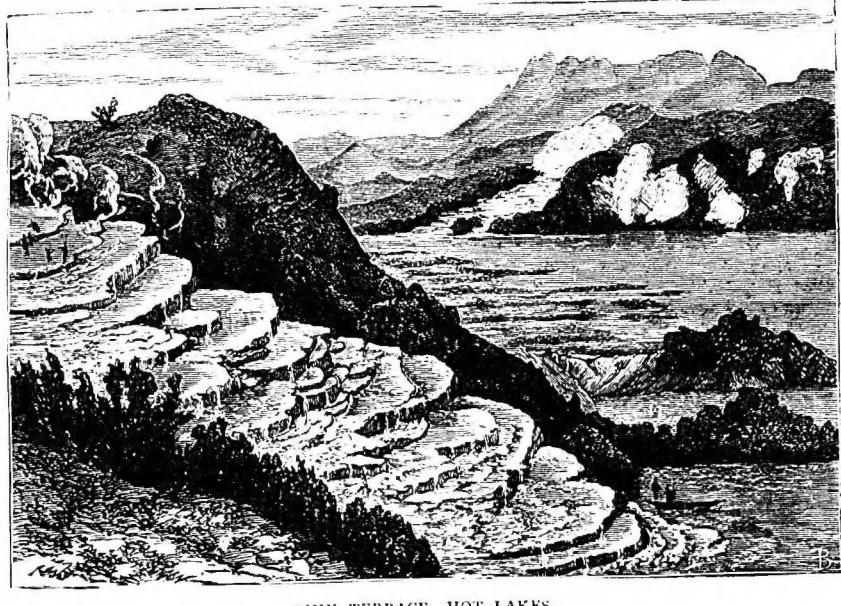
RIVER WAIKATO



A GLIMPSE AT THE CANTERBURY PLAINS FROM THE LYTTELTON HILLS, CHRISTCHURCH IN THE DISTANCE



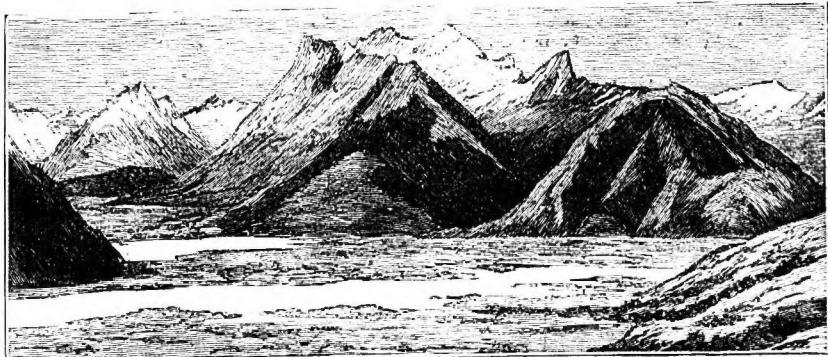
T.KI TERI MUD SPRINGS



PINK TERRACE, HOT LAKES



DIAMOND LAKE



MOUNT EARNSLAW, LAKE WAKATIPU

episode in the least less pathetic because the child does not die, as is usual in such cases. Jock, as the study of a very modern schoolboy, and Bice, as that of a "young savage," combine humour and pathos in about equal measure. Another point reminds us of Trollope's novels—the capacity of "Sir Tom" for unlimited continuation. With the hero left heart-stricken at the age of eighteen, with the heroine just embarked, at a still younger age, in an unpromising marriage, with another leading character only eighteen months old instead of eighteen years, and with the remaining characters anything but shelved, there is plenty of scope for a new and interesting plot to be developed out of the old materials. With so good a list of characters, it would be a pity if we have seen the last of them.

The authoress of "Phyllis," &c, who has now become the authoress of "Doris" (3 vols.: Smith, Elder, and Co.), has a wonderful facility with her pen. To judge by appearances, writing must cost her but little labour, and, be it added, she produces what but seldom comes from easy writing—that is to say, easy reading. Beyond this measure of praise, however, it is difficult to proceed. Her liveliness and "go" are enough to render "Doris" fairly popular, though not in any really satisfactory way. To put things plainly, she takes for granted that any sort of nonsense is good enough for a novel: and, considering the prevalence of the principle, it is hardly safe to say that she is wrong. It goes without saying that she has turned to the inevitable "Ironmaster" for some portion of her inspiration. There is a tradition that the manners, customs, feelings, and thoughts of any period or country are best learned by posterity or by foreigners from its fiction. On that ground, it becomes perfectly certain that, just at present, England is swarming with cases of husbands and wives who believe that they detest one another, and live as enemies, while all the while they are unconscious lovers, waiting for some dramatic incident to reveal their real feelings to themselves and to one another. The authoress of "Doris" extends this contemporary kind of matrimonial relation to Ireland, where boycotting and attempted landlord murder provide her with incidents that have ceased to be quite so much in fashion. At last she crowns her edifice with the murder, not of a landlord, but of a coquette, who pays this extreme penalty for having played with fire, in the form of the passions of a jilted lover. There is thus plenty of variety, as well as a great deal of kissing and of love passages generally: and so, what with its real liveliness, its accordance with the fashion of the minute, and its disregard for the trammels of art and reason, it is calculated to obtain, at the very least, as much admiration as it deserves.

"*Incognita*," by Henry Cresswell (3 vols. : Hurst and Blackett), is the work of an unquestionably clever writer who has yet to discover whether his ability is adapted to any form of fiction. It is certainly not adapted to whatever form is intended to be represented by "*Incognita*." The story is grotesquely impossible, both in its incidents and in its portraiture. At times one is tempted to think that Mr. Cresswell himself was in doubt whether he was engaged upon a burlesque or upon a tragedy. Episodes are introduced without purpose, promise excitement, and then, when an effect seems imminent, fade into nothing. In short, the whole is a confused and incoherent patchwork, with scraps of fine and even powerful writing here and there. A few more of these would have made "*Incognita*" pass muster as a contribution to the literature of grotesque dreams. As things are, the story belongs neither to dreamland nor to reality.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS

VI.

THE question often occurs to the Christmas reviewer, Why boys' books are so infinitely superior to those for girls? True, the lads are sometimes provided with ridiculously improbable adventures; but, as a whole, their stories are sound and wholesome, while, with a few exceptions, the tales for girls are mainly mawkish and sentimental, so that it is no wonder if the sisters often prefer their brothers' literature to their own. Take, for example, Mr. G. A. Henty's writings, which are always amusing, and useful reading to boot, as they generally deal with some historical episode. Thus, the Zulu War and the succeeding fighting in the Transvaal form the groundwork of "The Young Colonists" (Routledge), which gives a capital terse outline of the South African campaign, though the connecting thread of the story is a trifle weak.—Another excellent boys' writer, Professor Church—leaving for once his favourite classical abstracts—also turns to the history of British wars in "The Chantry Priest of Barnet" (Seeley). The stirring period of the Wars of the Roses, the scholar's life at ancient Eton and Oxford, and the monastic experiences are described with a real flavour of olden days, and the quaint coloured plates well maintain the spirit of Professor Church's language.—Yet one more historical volume is "Graham McCall's Victory" (Shaw), wherein Miss Grace Stelbing draws a sombre but able picture of the rigid Scotch Covenanters and their sufferings.—In modern days, the hero of C. M. Mac-Sorley's "His Chosen Work" (Shaw) is no less staunch than the Covenanters in time of trial, though of a milder sort; while there are some lively sketches of railway adventures in H. Frith's "On the Wings of the Wind" (Routledge).

"Old boys" of the present day may well remember a friend of their childhood which now blossoms afresh for their descendants, "The Boy's Own Book" (Crosby Lockwood). Revised and enlarged to suit later tastes by additional chapters on tennis, cycling, canoeing, new cricket rules, dry plate photography, &c., fresh games of skill and a collection of drawing-room amusements, this is now a very encyclopaedia of pastimes. But surely the telephone might have been mentioned in the scientific section.—Amongst revised reprints also comes the translation of that pathetic narrative of the little French waif and his dog, "No Relations" (Bentley), by Hector Malot, whose charming novels may always safely be given to young English people—a rare quality with French authors.—Another fresh edition appeals more especially to the elders—the handsome volume containing Lamb's "Essays of Elia" (Paterson), appropriately illustrated by various artists. Certainly some of the illustrations are rather poor, witness Mr. J. D. Smillie's ungraceful figures gazing at the sundial; but two views of Oxford and the Temple, and Mr. F. S. Church's design for the "dissertation upon roast pig," are good, and altogether the work is capitally got-up, both in print and paper.

Most of the remaining volumes are for quite small people. If the little folk like every-day existence here are some nice merry children, both in "Friends and Neighbours" (Woolmer)—a pleasantly-moral story, and in "Tom Tit" (Shaw), where Ismay Thorn brightly pictures one of those fascinating domestic mischiefs whom one prefers to meet on paper rather than in real life. Or they may take pattern by "A Little Disciple," by "T. D." (Woolmer), who was not only a remarkably good little boy, but a true character as well. But if they prefer fancy to fact let them follow Mrs. Augusta Webster down below the water to meet "Daffodil and the Coaxaxicans" (Macmillan), and learn all about the wonderful ways of the frogs at home. Though a wee bit too long, Mrs. Webster's fairy tale is highly ingenious and imaginative, and will delight young people. When tired of reading, juvenile brains may exercise themselves in writing a story about the pictures they colour in "Something for Wet Days," by C. Shaw (Shaw); or, better still, try to carry off the palm in judiciously tinting T. Pym's "Prize Pictures for Painting" (Shaw), which when coloured, may be sent in for com-

petition. For Sunday occupation, too, Mr. Benjamin Waugh brings out another instalment of his pleasant talks with the little ones about sacred things, "The Children's Sunday Hour" (Ibsbister), tastefully illustrated. Older girls will like a dainty little textbook, "Thoughts for Sunrise" (Nelson), including a Scripture verse and short hymn for each morning, prettily illuminated by "L. M. W." A daily volume of a different type is compiled by W. Robertson and A. S. Boyd, "The Birthday Book of Solomon Grundy" (Gowans and Gray), whose "wisdom and humour" is of the poorest.

Hitherto native talent has provided almost all the seasonal literature, but Germany now enters the field. Thus Munich artists and authors contribute an entertaining collection of novelettes, verses, and sketches in "München bunte Mappe" (Verlagsanstalt für Kunst und Wissenschaft, Munich), edited by Max Bernstein. Grave and gay, figure and landscape are alike to be found in this "variegated portfolio," which well represents the different style of clever Munich artists, amongst whom Herr von Desreggers' fine study of a man's head stands out prominently as one of the most striking.—Our Teutonic cousins also send us their Christmas cards, imported by Messrs. Schwenkert and Wallis from Meissner and Buch, Leipzig. These are very much like our own productions, and are mostly well designed and coloured, although there are too many big gaudy roses. Flowers predominate, notably two graceful arrangements of daffodils and marguerites, and the most novel are the marine vignettes framed in seaweed, a pair of pretty winter landscapes with children singing, and two large views of snowclad cottages—thoroughly seasonal. Indeed, appropriate wintry scenes are far more numerous this season than usual, and form the distinguishing feature of some charming fresh American

form the distinguishing feature of some charming new contributions from Messrs. Wirths and Owens. Whether on elaborate satin cushions or as small plain cards, these frosted designs are amongst the prettiest of the year, several cards with the December sun shining through snow-laden trees, deer in the forests, and doves bearing holly and fir, making perfect miniature pictures.—Winter and holly are plentiful also in Mr. Bernard Ollendorff's packet, which may be dipped into especially for children as containing good animal portraits. Donkeys and their evergreen burdens, puss popping through a cigar box, and the birds' heads are amusing, while the Christmas angels on satin are more elaborate and artistic.—The comic element, too, is strong in Messrs. Nathan's cards, where the orthodox Christmas robin reappears, after being neglected of late for flowers and pretty faces. Here are plenty of children, winter berries, niggers, soldiers, merry elves, tabbies in caps and *fichus*, and some effective sepia landscapes.—The canny Scot dwelling on English soil will like one of the national cards from Mr. Baird of Glasgow, with their Gaelic salutations and characteristic figures—quite a change. So, too, are the tasteful "private greeting cards," like quaintly shaped letters, bearing the sender's name and special kindly wishes, which will please many anxious for something more personal, than the ordinary Christmas card.—Not only our personal friends, but the poor, the lonely, and the suffering are provided for by the cheery greetings of the Christmas Letter Mission, published by Messrs. Hazell, Watson, and Viney. For fourteen years this good Mission has sent out these simple practical words in season, which with their prettily illustrated first-page, card, and appropriate envelope, gladden many a sick and friendless being on Christmas morning. The letters remind us of Miss Weston's famous "Bluebacks," and are well worth circulation.

Finally we should mention a curious card issued by Messrs. Matthews and Hodgson, 113, Regent Street. It is printed on parchment paper, and contains an ancient style of joyful greeting, a reproduction of the earliest strains of music now known in manuscript form, together with a modern translation and some ancient Christmas poetry, entitled "Wolcum Yol." The details are all well authenticated, and a good effect is given to the card by the impression of an ancient seal with ribbon attached.

It is not a far cry from Christmas greetings to Christmas songs. Now that carol-singing is so widely revived, the present seems a fitting opportunity to mention the "Carols for Use in Church During Christmas and Epiphany" (Metzler, Novello), arranged by the Rev. R. Chope and Mr. H. S. Irons, with the Rev. S. Baring-Gould's interesting historical introduction. Nine different editions lie before us, from the ornamental volume for the drawing-room to the useful size for church or the cheap penny copy of words. It is a strange contrast in religious song to turn from the carols to the negro hymns included in "The Story of the Jubilee Singers" (Hodder and Stoughton), by J. B. T. Marsh. To British ears these characteristic hymns sound almost profane unless heard from the lips of the earnest Jubilee Singers themselves, but the story of the strange movement is well told and most interesting.

Our list of annuals includes *The Leisure Hour* and *The Sunday at Home* (Religious Tract Society), *Cassell's Saturday Journal* (Cassell), *Amateur Work* (Ward, Lock), *St. Nicholas* (Warne), *Every Boy's Annual*, *Every Girl's Annual* (Routledge), *Family Herald* (Stevens), *Old Jonathan* (Collingridge), *Sunshine* (Stone-man), *Early Days* (*Early Days'* Office), and *Our Darlings* (Shaw).

(Shaw). We have received from Messrs. Tom Smith and Co. some specimens of their latest novelties in Christmas crackers, which have been specially prepared for the ensuing festive season. We need say no more of them than that they are all of entirely new and original design, and likely to be as popular as those of former years.



MESSRS. FORSYTH BROTHERS.—Charles Halle's "Musical Library" is one of the most valuable publications of the period. "Twenty-Four Little Pieces," by A. E. Müller (Letter A, No. 1), are in fact simply exercises useful to the beginner.—"Two Ron-dinos," by Ignace Pleyel, will prove very good study for a young student.—"Hunting Piece in C Major," by Czerny, is a showy *moreau* with a pleasing melody.—The same may be said of "Ländler," by H. Bertini.—A trifle more difficult, but pleasing, are "Cradle Song" and "Minuet," by F. Hiller, and "Rondo in G Major" by Mozart. This appendix to his "Practical Pianoforte School" will prove most valuable to all teachers.—Three pianoforte pieces by W. S. Rockstro are brilliant without being over difficult; they are respectively, "La Chasse aux Papillons," which is the most showy and difficult of the group; "L'Ancien Régime," a gavotte; and "Rose de Noël," a *valse brillante*.—"Olden Time," a minuet for the pianoforte, by Edwin Lott, is of an ordinary type. This composer has been more successful with "Bayard," a *marche chevaleresque*.—"A Day Dream," for the pianoforte, by Harvey Löhr, is a piece worthy of the extra amount of study which it requires.—A carefully-written sacred march is "Hosanna," by B. M. Ramsey, arranged for the organ by C. S. Jekyll.—There is much spirit and go in "Going Home," a march for the pianoforte, by James Batchelder.

MESSRS. WOOD AND CO.—Replete with poetical sentiment is "Sunrise and Sunset," words by Mary Mark Lemon, music by Alfred Redhead; compass from D below the lines to G above the lines. Sung with due feeling this song will be one of the most popular of the season.—A meet companion for the above is "Golden Grain," written and composed by G. Clifton Bingham and Arthur E. Dyer, Mus. Doc. An obligato organ accompaniment.

the latter song adds to its effect.—“Queen Mab's Flower Song” (“Blumenlied”), English and German words by M. A. Baines, music by W. C. Levey; is a blithesome song for Christmas.—A very doleful ballad, with a tragical ending, is “The Maiden and the Sea,” words by H. Leonard Cleere, music by William Mason.—A graceful little piece for the pianoforte is “L'Invitation,” by J. C. Beazley, R.A.M.—By the same composer are “Pleasing Strains,” a collection of popular melodies, easily arranged for the pianoforte and violin. No. 1 is the ever-popular “Home, Sweet Home.”—One of the prettiest waltzes of the season is “The Dream of Love,” by F. Eavestaff.

THE LONDON MUSIC PUBLISHING AND GENERAL AGENCY COMPANY.—Well worthy the attention of all who would wish to sing at sight—and few who have any musical talent in however small a degree have not that desire—is “Progressive Sight-Singing,” by Robert McHardy, a remarkably clever little work, which cannot fail to materially assist the vocal student.—A piquante and pleasing song for a soprano is “Over the Stile,” written and composed by Frederic Wood and A. G. Pritchard.—Brisk and spirited are both words and music of “Down Channel,” a patriotic nautical song; the former by Claxton Bellamy, the latter by S. Claude Ridley.—“Two Album Leaves” for the pianoforte, by T. Mee Pattison, are neatly written, and well suited for the schoolroom.—“The March of the Nations,” by Georg Asch, is fairly good, but scarcely up to expectations provoked by its gorgeous and elaborate frontispiece.—Precisely the same may be said of “Old London Polka,” by J. Solomon, the frontispiece of which is well got-up.—“Kettle d’Amour Polka,” by Ernest Travers, is a tuneful specimen of dance music; the time is well-marked.

MISCELLANEOUS.—A very pretty part song for four voices is "Bringing Home the Hay," by Lionel Monckton.—A sentimental love song, words by Somerset Frank, music by J. Neill O'Donovan, is "The Old, Old Love," published in G and in C. J. Kaltenbach has arranged this melody as a waltz (Alphonse Cary).—Two well-written pieces for the pianoforte, by G. J. Rubini, are "The Silver Wedding" and "The Rivulet" (A. Cox).—Three useful pieces for the pianoforte, by Gilbert Byass, are respectively, "Zora," "Une Fantaisie," and "Eoline" (Messrs. T. C. Turner and Co., Bristol).—"The Summer of Love," one of Mary Mark Lemon's prettiest and saddest poems, has been tastefully set to music by Ed. St. Quentin, "The Guadalquivir," a Spanish bolero, words by "W. H. A.," music by William M. Hutchinson, published in three keys, bids fair to be in the foremost ranks of this winter's musical circles (Messrs. W. Marshall and Co.).—"The Oracle Proven False" is an original and pleasing poem by Mary Ainge de Vere, set to appropriate music by Carl Feininger (Messrs. Augener and Co.).

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

We are glad to recognise in "A Sheaf of Ballads," by J. J. Britton (Elliot Stock) a collection of poems, old and new, containing by far the best and most finished work which the author has yet given to the world. He seems to have in a great measure conquered his besetting sin of carelessness; and, although there are still some passages which we could wish mended, these are really so few and far between that it would hardly be fair to insist upon them. In the ballads proper, Mr. Britton has wisely taken his subjects from Old World sources, as his title-page announces, and the result is highly satisfactory. Especially may be marked for praise "Rother the King," a right gallant tale of Varangian exploit, and how the hero won the Kaiser's daughter and carried her off from Micklegard; and "Raoul Taillefer of Cambray," in which occurs, to our thinking, the finest passage in the book. The destroyer is in the convent, and the fair abbess pleads for mercy:—

"Oh," said Marsent, pleading sore,
"By the wounds Christ's body bore,
Stretched on rood in sight of men;
By the bitter tears that then
Stole from under Mary's lids,
Rained down the cross's stem,
Dropping to her vesture's hem,
When the Temple's veil was rent,
And a wail through darkness sent
Shook the domes and pyramids;
By the white saints ranged in bliss,
Grant, O grant me, Raoul, this,
Altar spare, and cross, and shrine,
And our gear shall all be thine—
All ye long have coveted,
Field, and orchard fair and broad,
Barns with fruit and fodder stored,
Quarters fair for knight and squire,
Wine and mead at your desire—
"Take your true," then Raoul said

Take your truce," then Kasur said.
It needs not to tell of the treachery, nor of the maddened son's vengeance; every reader may find out about these. "St. Augustine" is hardly so much to our taste, neither is "Don Rollin's May," but, in the latter instance, perhaps the old Spanish ballad has spoiled us. Of the earlier poems, republished in this volume, "Carréla" may be noted as a fine, if painful romance, told in remarkably good blank verse—if we mistake not, it has received attention from the author since its first appearance; and even more striking is the "Pilate," with which we remember to have been struck years ago. In fact, "A Sheaf of Ballads" is a book worth having.

There is a good deal of local East Anglian interest in "Poems," by the late Thomas George Youngman (Kegan Paul), still there is a good deal that may be read with a fair amount of pleasure, and the imitations of the Ingoldsby Legends are decidedly clever and amusing. Of the more serious pieces is "Lidgate Paraphrase," a quaint piece anent the Creation and the Fall. By the bye, the author of "London Lockpenny" snelt his name with a "v."

of "London Lackpenny" spelt his name with a "y."

"Herodias: a Dramatic Poem," by J. C. Heywood (Kegan Paul), appears, under the title of "Salome," to have made a considerable sensation in America, and to have gained eulogium from more or less celebrated men which appears to us considerably in excess of its deserts. If rather juvenile, it is fairly good, and the blank verse in which the better part is written may pass muster, but there is nothing to raise it above the average of such performances generally. It is rather startling to find the guilty queen in love with St. John the Baptist, and killing him, as it would seem, chiefly from the *spretae injuria formæ*; but this may pass, as may the fact that the scene is laid in Jerusalem, in spite of antiquarian research. Herodias was, it seems, a Roman lady, Livia by name, who, apart from her illicit passion, had committed trigamy in the most cold-blooded manner, and dies raving mad in a manner which suggests Miss Petowker. The other characters, including Salome, are colourless. The author is too fond of queer words, e.g., "puerilities," and of repetitions which suggest "Go call a coach," &c. (p. 91 *et passim*), whilst the scene between Sextus and Salome is merely Claude Melnotte and water. Still, there is some promise in the play; for instance, the passage beginning "The tide of night fast rolling to the east" (p. 76) is good, and if the author will not

The same fault, viz., affectation of queer words, mars the otherwise pleasant little book in rhyming form, "Musa Silvestris," by Gerard Bendall (Kegan Paul). What are we to understand by "wares so evanid," "glory a phasm," and "by nature immarcessible?" The last wholly baffles us, but in the other two instances it is probable that "evanescent" and "phantasm" were meant—only they wouldn't fit into the line. From the piece entitled "Non omnia moriar" it would appear that the author does not think



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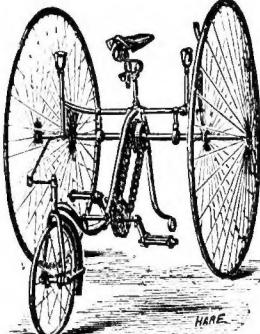
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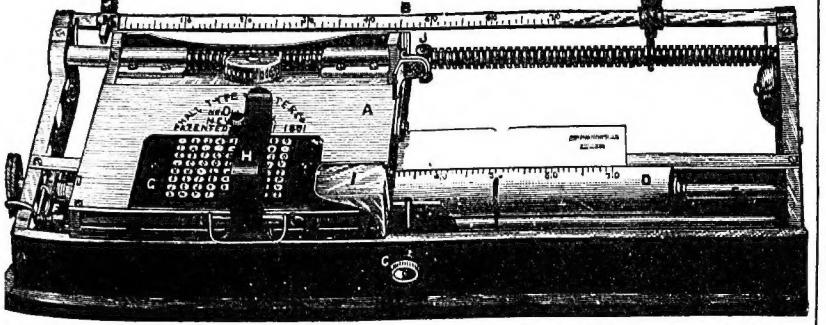
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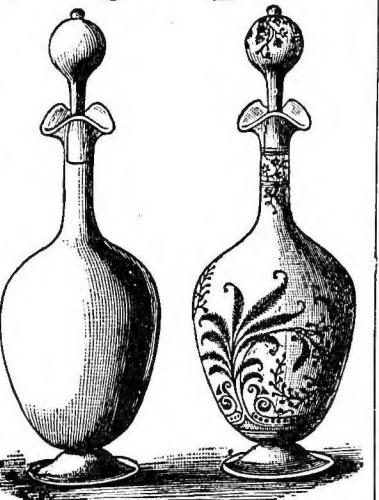
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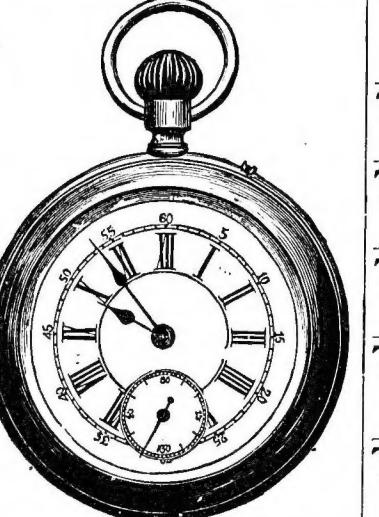
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